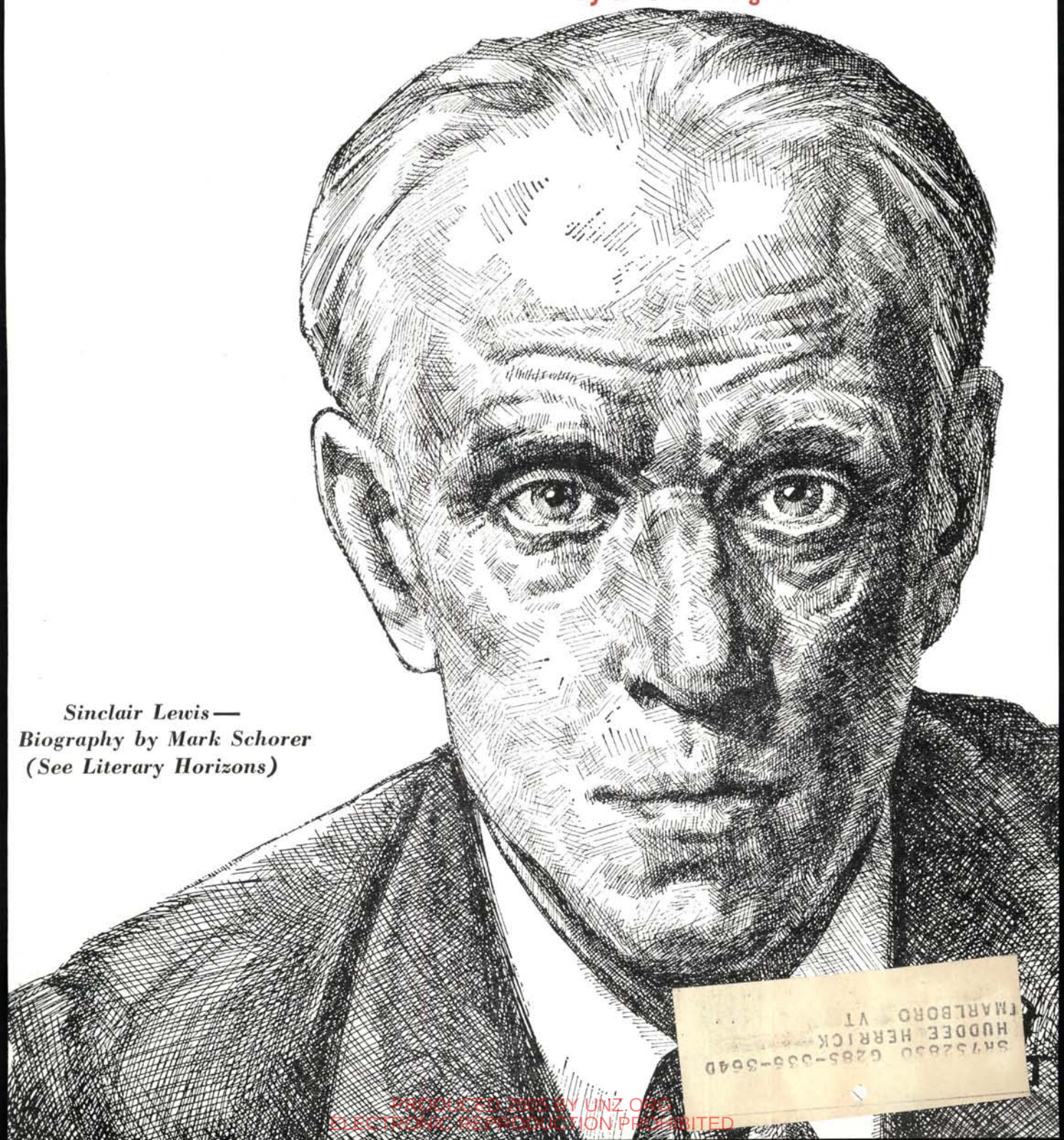
Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 30, 1961 / 25¢

RECORDINGS

KARAJAN AND THE BERLIN PHILHARMONIC

By H. C. Pendergast



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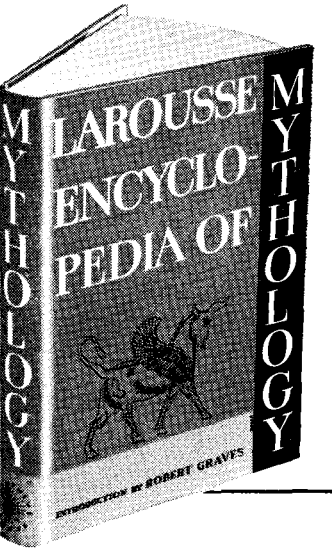

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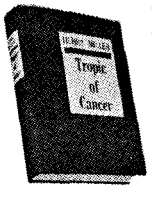

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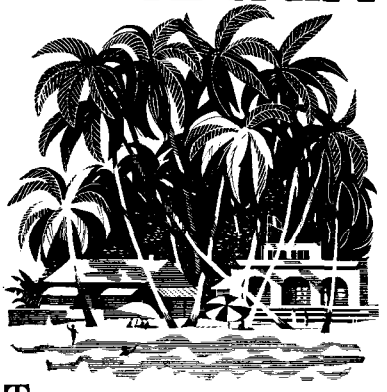

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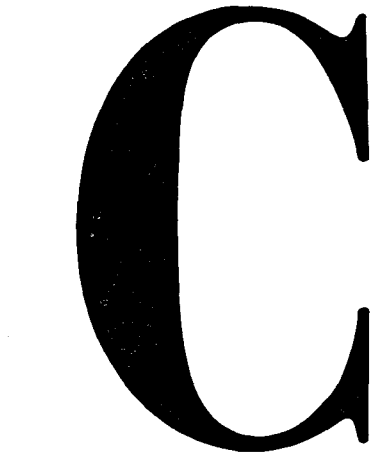

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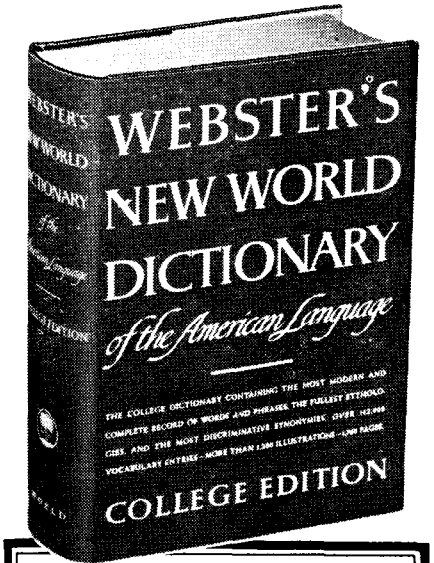

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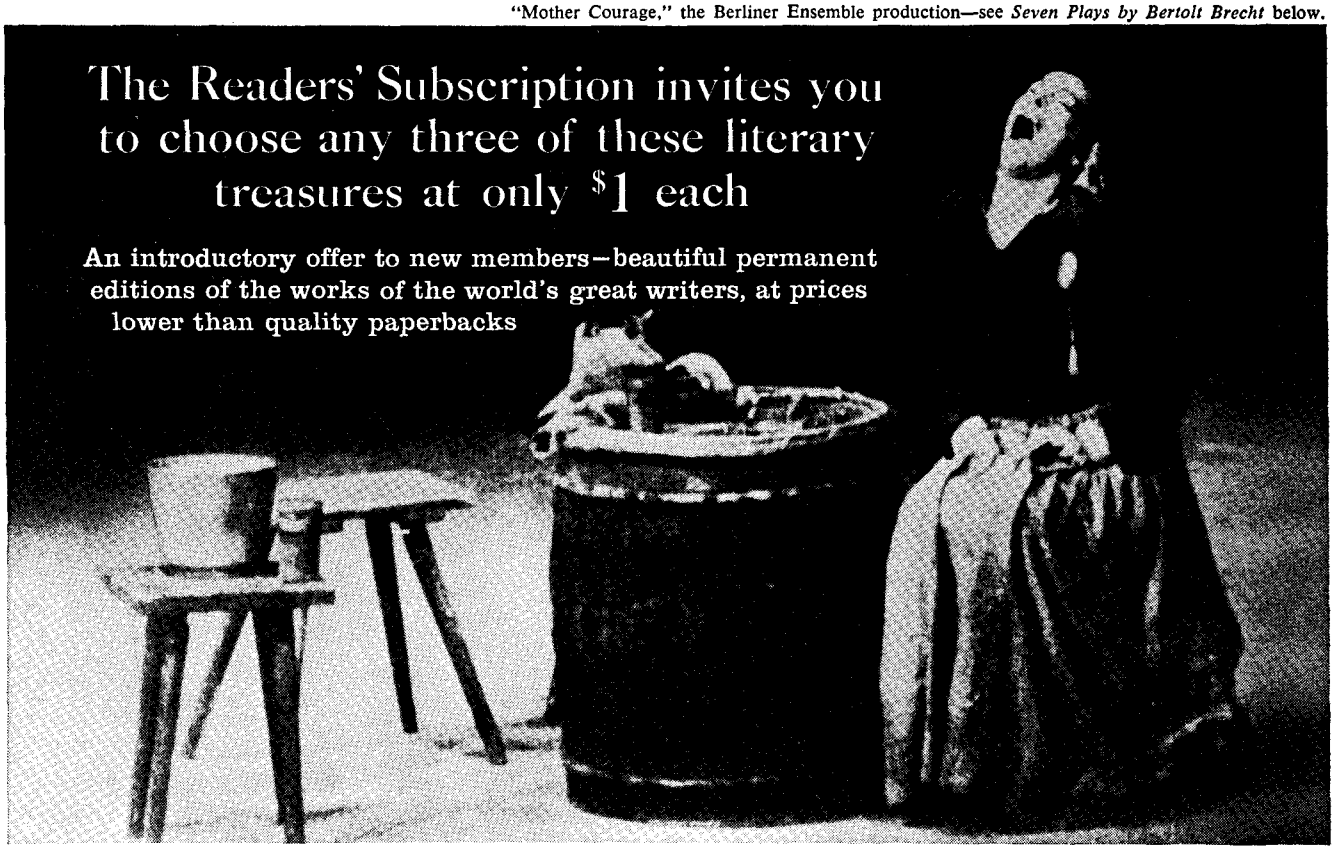

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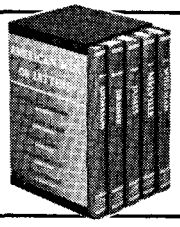

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Manner of Speaking

By John Ciardi

BOOKKEEPERS AND KEEPERS OF BOOKS: In a recent column I suggested that sending the police to haul people out of bed and into the clink at 4 A.M. (East Orange, N.J.-style) is not a happy way of getting overdue books back to the library. I should have thought that proposition was self-evident, as I believe it will yet seem to a keeper of books, which is to say, to a true librarian, which is to say in turn, to a librarian who lets his books into his life as well as into his clerical procedures. It is only to bookkeepers, which is to say, to the fussy-minded literalists in the ranks of the librarians, that such a proposition can seem offensive. A functionary has no mind.

A functionary can, however, write a letter on library stationery and claim to be speaking as a librarian, and I enter in evidence a fat file of such letters accusing me of—among other things—(1) anarchy, (2) encouraging the plundering of library shelves, (3) failure to keep faith with the oppressed librarians of this world, (4) gross cynicism, and (5) a general assortment of deficiencies ranging largely from paranoia to schizophrenia and back again by way of communistic irresponsibility.

Three such bookkeepers, in fact, write me to announce that they are having their revenge by taking my own books off their offended shelves. (I am not quite sure how that works. Keyes Metcalf once told me that it costs the Widener Library something more than $3 to go through the clerical steps of discarding a book. One bookkeeper announces that she is dumping eight of my books. Does she charge more-or-less $24 to public funds, or does she stay late and do the deed on her own time? Or does she simply lock me up with the illustrated books on anatomy and other items listed as Special Collections? Or does she misfile me with "Who's Who in South-Central Tasmania"?)

I seem to be headed for The Dark Shelf, but before I go I hope the keepers of books will allow me to say that I have no real intention of burning down the libraries. I can even, and happily, endorse the ideal of efficient library records tidily kept. But I must still make the point, in defense of us all, that a man guilty of a misdemeanor is not a felon and has not surrendered his rights and dignities as a citizen. Whatever my psychiatrist may uncover when I get around to one, I do not generally encourage lawlessness. Reasonable respect for the law, however, requires no man to respect unreasonable police action, and on that point I mean to stand to all opposition.

That opposition does not exclude an awareness of the librarian's problems. Any man who serves the public has problems. But a man who lacks the grace to handle such problems humanely is in the wrong calling. The head of a department of the Los Angeles Public Library writes me:

> In this dustless, inhuman globule of a place you describe as a "library" apparently no one asks "What do you mean the book isn't in?"—or dashes to the shelves with an eager enthusiasm that fades to perplexed dismay at a shelf virtually devoid of Hemingway—or patiently asks to wait his turn for a volume and comes in after three months to find it is still not returned. In the lunatic West Coast atmosphere where I work, this is an hourly occurrence. It not only plays havoc with the emotions and the blood pressure, it means that I sit patiently year after year ordering ten more copies of a Hemingway title or wondering if the budget will permit replacement of the two sets—at ten dollars a throw—of "Remembrance of Things Past" that some lover of literature took out very legally on his card but never returned. (This same character also in the course of his borrowing "read" some forty volumes of modern poetry that were unreturned and unreturning when he left for an unknown address—this might even cause you to turn a hair.)

Without implying any endorsement of this "character," I can report no turned hairs, though I am a bit confused as to how many books a man is allowed to take out at one time on one card. However sad the "character," he is a foreseeable vexation of any librarian's lot. Let him be restrained, but let the restraint be from reason. He constitutes no justification for the kind of police night-riding made infamous by the Gestapo.

This bookkeeper's real problem is that he just doesn't like people and, thereby, cannot much like his job. My suggestion is that he find more congenial employment in a more isolated place. Offhand, I find myself thinking of seal hunting as a happy possibility.

May I say to him (and to some dozens of others who asked the question more or less indignantly) that what the East Orange Librarian should have done, had he thought as much of the rights of his neighbors as he did of the condition of his shelves, is obvious enough. He should, after adequate warning, have filed a civil suit for re-

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Wednesday, October 4 (10-11 PM)

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Our way of life in the next decade. Producer, Dore Schary; with John Daly, Art Carney, Tony Randall and Andre Previn.
Monday, October 9 (10-11 PM)

"People Need People"
Original drama of conflict in a psychiatric experiment.
Tuesday, October 10 (10-11 PM)

"Feathertop"
Musical based on a story by Hawthorne.
Thursday, October 19 (8:30-9:30 PM)

"Macbeth"
Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson in a repeat presentation.
Friday, October 20 (8:30-10:30 PM)

"Merrily We Roll Along"
Groucho Marx narrates the story of America's love affair with the automobile.
Sunday, October 22 (10-11 PM)

"The Dispossessed"
The American Indian's struggle for citizenship; an original drama by Saul Levitt.
Tuesday, October 24 (10-11 PM)

"The Power and the Glory"
Laurence Olivier in a new adaptation of the novel by Graham Greene.
Sunday, October 29 (9-11 PM)

"Russian Assault on the Antarctic"
Exclusive films of the first Soviet base on the treacherous ice shelf.
Monday, October 30 (7-7:30 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

Mon.-Fri.:	Contemporary Mathematics
	American Government
	The New Biology
Mondays:	Expedition!
Tuesdays:	Close-Up! [Alternate weeks]
Wednesdays:	David Brinkley's Journal
Thursdays:	CBS Reports
Fridays:	Eyewitness
	Frank McGee's Here & Now
Saturdays:	Update
	Accent
Sundays:	Camera Three
	Meet the Professor
	Washington Conversation
	Directions '62
	Adlai Stevenson Reports/ Issues and Answers
	Patterns in Music
	Wisdom
	Chet Huntley Reporting
	The Twentieth Century
	Meet the Press
	1, 2, 3—Go!
	Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: Times, programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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what are they trying to say?

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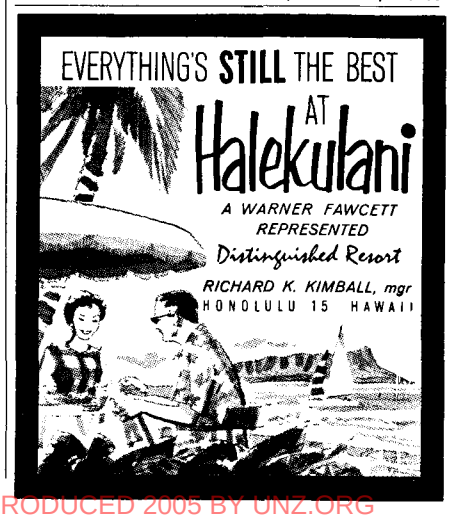

covery of damages to the library. There can be no doubt that the court would have found for him and that it would have assessed all costs against the defendant if found liable. The rate at which court costs can mount would have been more than enough to scare other laggards into returning their overdue books.

By all means guard those shelves, dear friends. But the minute you believe that orderly accounting is more important than the rights of even your negligent neighbors, in that minute you become no keepers of books but bookkeepers.

If there is time still left me before I am hauled to that Dark Shelf, I must certainly use it to reply to another California bookkeeper, this one in Burbank. "If in order to protect the rights of the great majority of library users," he writes, "the public librarian stubs the toes of the irresponsible few, this is a sacrifice well worth making."

I have no peace to make with this man's mind. I find him all too eager to sacrifice others to his own notion of the good. Whoever appointed a public librarian as anybody's toe-stubber? And to whom is this sacrifice so well worth making? To Joe Doakes pulled out of his bed at 4 A.M. to be dropped shivering into the local clink? Sure, Joe is no pillar of the community. He may even be a negligent slob. But he hasn't gone in for armed robbery yet.

If this bookkeeper finds heart's comfort in knocking them down that happily, I remain unpersuaded that the keepers of books will share his love of the big stick. The true librarian will keep not only his books but the idea of his library. The problems of accounting, clerical frustrations, budgetary pressures, bad pay, and all the annoyances that come to any man in the service of the public will fret him, but he will not grow surly and sadistic. Who keeps an idea keeps a mercy, and we all have need of one another's mercies. Even when we have been negligent. Even when we have been warned. Even when the librarian has problems. And especially when local police decide to get funny

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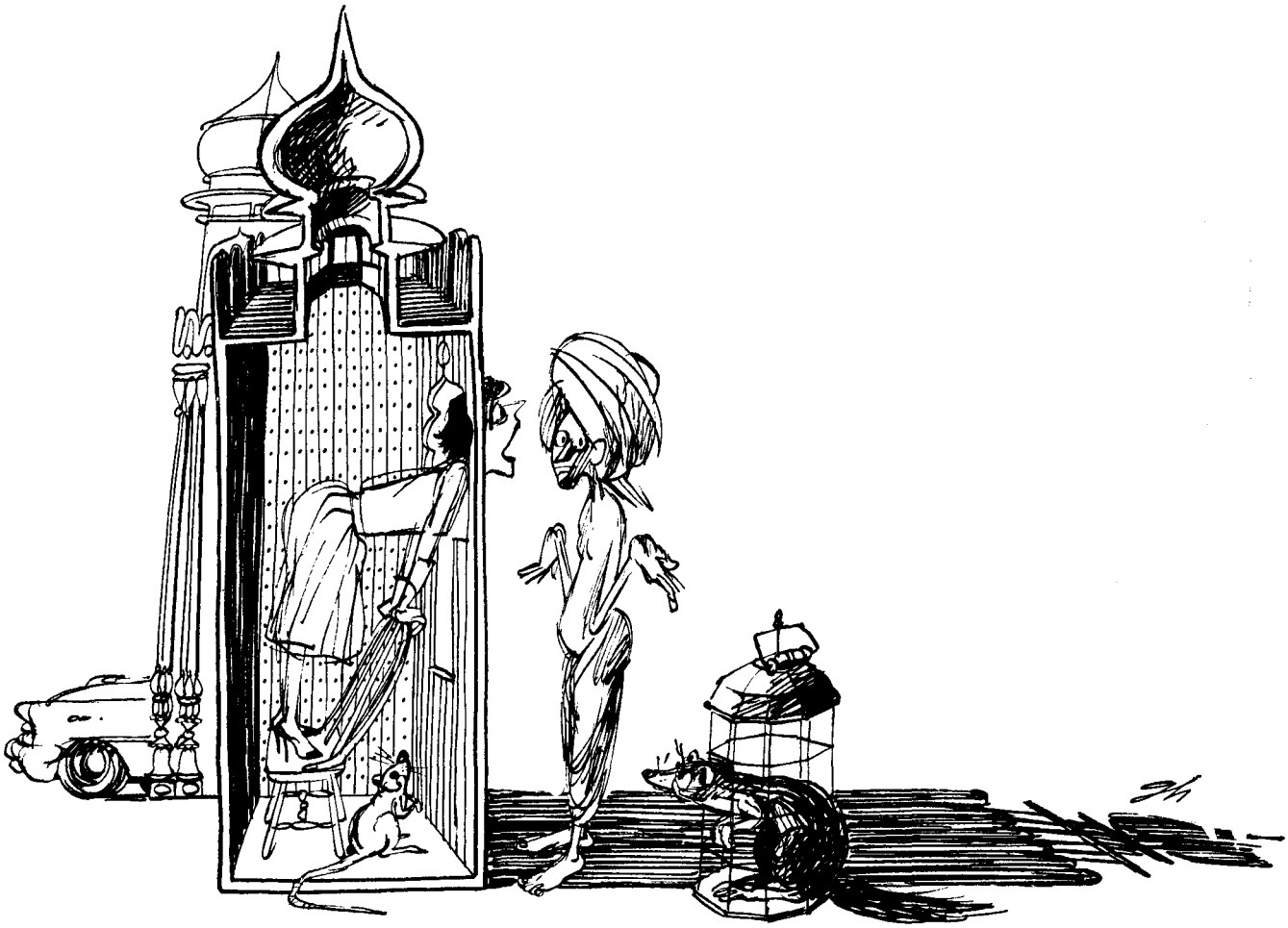

WHO'LL LET THE MONGOOSE LOOSE WHEN THERE'S A MOUSE IN THE HOUSE?

Imagine, please, a tranquil Indian Summer morning in New Delhi. You're at your office in the city—an American earning your living in a foreign country. Your wife is planning her day back at the house. Suddenly she hears the patter of little feet—four of them—and a little grey intruder scurries across the living room.

Aieeee! Time to call the man with the mongoose—nature's most efficient mousetrap.

But *will* your wife know to call him? Will she know how to ask for him—and will he understand her when he gets there? This leads to the heart of our message for today: When *you* come to Berlitz to learn to speak Hindustani, or *any* language, your wife can join you for less than ½ your tuition. Aside from the attractive economics of the matter, it makes excellent sense for your wife to learn to speak a foreign language right along with you. Actually, she'll probably use it more than you will, for she'll have the shopping, the day to day domestic problems, the hiring and directing of servants and so forth to take care of. Needless to say, she'll be far happier abroad if she's able to get out and around without having to wait for you to do the speaking for her. From an employer's point of view, Berlitz' offer is a bonanza. It can very well make the difference between a happy key executive who contentedly and successfully serves out his full overseas assignment—and an unhappy man who must be replaced and transferred at a high morale and financial cost. For, the simple fact is: Personnel are willing to stay abroad much longer when their wives feel at home in a foreign land. *AND* the best way to help wives adapt to new surroundings is to give them the opportunity to learn to speak the local language at Berlitz *before* they go abroad.

In schools, homes, offices, Berlitz instructors have taught over 10½ million people to speak over 50 different languages. Our clients include members of the diplomatic and foreign services, military personnel, key executives of business firms—everyone whose career and pleasure would be heightened by learning to speak another language.

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TRADE Winds

ALL EXCITED at the prospect of learning about her future, Linda Wolfe broke open a Chinese fortune cookie the other day. It said, "Wash face in morning and neck at night." Annoyed at finding this double-entendre joke rather than some solid counsel, she grabbed the last cookie on the plate and found this: "Plan another Oriental repast soon."

LAST WEEK was a busy time for S. J. Perelman. September 19 he was reading (1) notices of "The Beauty Part," a play that opened the night before at Bucks County Playhouse, starring Bert Lahr and Neva Paterson, and (2) reviews of "The Rising Gorge," published that day by Simon and Schuster. The show runs two weeks. If it's enough of a success—on to Broadway again for Sid Perelman! (Cautiously, he predicted: "With luck, it'll make a half-hour TV show.")

One of the funniest short pieces written in the last few years was "Eine Kleine Mothmusik" and I'm glad to see it's in "The Rising Gorge." It's still hilarious or, if you're a stickler for the proper use of words, reading it made me hilarious. It's in the form of letters between the author and his tailor, concerning whether or not a certain suit is in cold storage.

Perelman told me the other day the story caused a lot of excitement in the neighborhood, which particularly dismayed the local tailor, who appears to be the "hero" of the affair.

"In fact," Perelman said, "he paid me the ultimate compliment. He asked someone, 'Are any of Mr. Perelman's relatives in the dry cleaning business? He seems to know so much about it.'"

THE REASON people like to hear my stories about the Kennedy clan, I am told, is that I never describe what they are wearing. I just tell what happened. Here are the latest. As usual, they come from a friend of the person involved.

One day a few weeks ago Mrs. John Kennedy arrived at Woods Hole, Massachusetts, to visit the aquarium there with a party of friends and children. At the same time a person we'll call Priscilla was also going through the place. Priscilla thought she spotted a young lady friend of hers from behind, so she sneaked up and whispered in her ear:

"Are you trying to look like Jackie Kennedy?"

It was Jackie Kennedy, of course, and I am waiting to hear what she said to Priscilla.

NEIGHBORS of the Kennedys—we'll call them Smith this time—were having a big party one Saturday night in Hyannis Port. They invited a lot of people, including the President and his wife, but many declined, mainly because they had weekend guests. The Kennedys had not replied, but they were hardly expected to attend.

Friday evening before the party the hostess was seated on her veranda with friends when the helicopter came in. The President stepped out and walked briskly toward his home. As he passed the group he waved and called out to her:

"Hello, Mrs. Smith, when do you expect us tomorrow night?"

Mrs. Smith was wearing her seat belt, so she did not fall out of her rocker. She recovered quickly and said something about sixish. Word got around. The next day her telephone rang constantly as folks un-declined

their invitations. They all showed up at the festivities, *with* house guests. President Kennedy was there, as announced, and there was such a crowd that food, ice, and supplies were quickly exhausted. It was one of the few parties where *everybody* arrived at sixish.

TWO VISITORS to New York City have returned home and given their reports. One, a Southern Pines artist named Glenn Rounds, was asked what was going on in the city.

"Don't know," said Mr. Rounds, "but everybody was hollerin' something."

And in Atlanta Lester Avery is telling them about a sign he saw in a large drugstore in New York. It read: "Let

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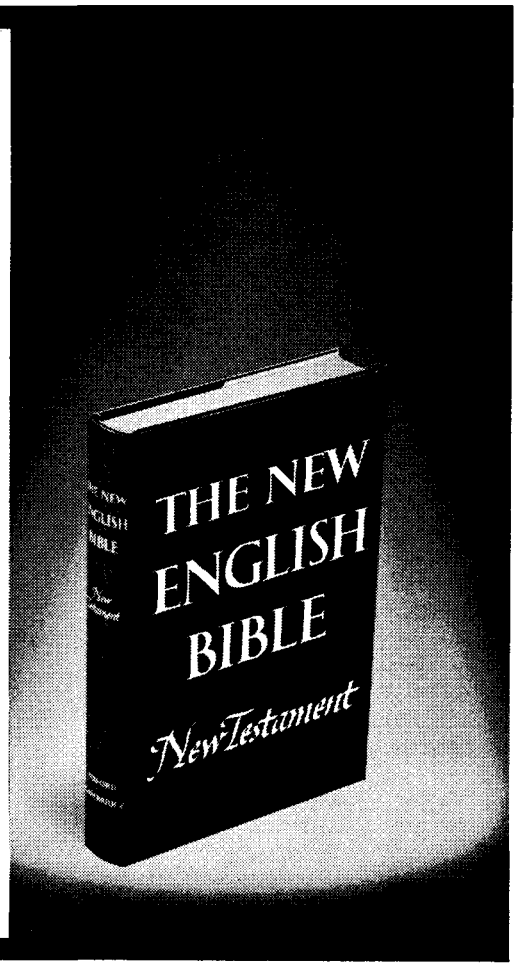

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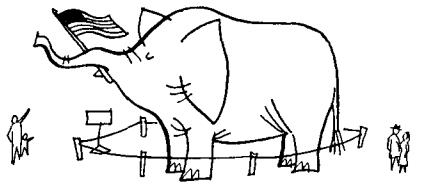
us fill your next prescription—You will be pleasantly surprised."

THE OCTOBER ISSUE of *Esquire* contains a full-page cartoon in color by Charles O'Glass, Yale '53. It depicts the ending of the Yale-Harvard football game and shows the triumphant Yale team carrying the hero of the fray on their shoulders, presumably the fellow responsible for the Eli victory. The catch: he is a Harvard player. And he doesn't look very happy about it.

If the game ends that way this year Arnold Gingrich, publisher of the magazine, can go into the fortune cookie business. More interesting, though, is that O'Glass had caricatured his old friends and teammates in the cartoon, unbeknownst to them. There is Coach Jordan Olivar, Bill Downey, Charles Vilas, Joe Mitinger, Jerry Conway, Charles Coudert, and others. Who the Harvard man is supposed to be, the cartoonist will not say. Maybe he's got a job in Washington by now; who knows?

THIS ISSUE of *National Geographic* runs a photograph of the largest elephant in the world. It measures twenty inches taller than the famous Jumbo did. Unfortunately, it is dead, stuffed, and on display at the Smithsonian Institution. It has been there for two years now.

The reason it is dead is that a big-game hunter named J. J. Fenykovi came across its huge tracks in 1954 in



Africa and started after it. It wasn't until the next year that he caught up with the beast, and felt compelled to execute it. The press agents have given us the vital facts about the elephant: "The skin was so heavy twenty-three men could not lift it; a truckload of salt was required to preserve it in the field; 11,000 pounds of clay were used to stuff the animal."

Okay, so we got the biggest dead elephant in the free world. Good thing Hungarian-born Mr. Fenykovi didn't donate the skin to Moscow, or we'd have to start a crash program to close the elephant gap.

SHARPS AND FLATS: I was certainly impressed by a recent window display in a famous Fifth Avenue store. Pretty clothes on mannequins, and the sign underneath explaining it to me: "Saks Fifth Avenue's unflinching plaids translate the new shape idiom." My plaid eyeballs flinched at that one.

►A couple of years ago when the New York Central and New Haven railroads were fighting about who owned the property over the underground tracks and station, the Central changed the name of its big office building, the New York Central Building. They figured out the cheapest way to do it. It's now called the New York General Building. The new name doesn't really make sense, but only two letters had to be altered in the many stone inscriptions and signs, and that saved a lot of money.

► In the obituaries concerning the death of Judge E. C. O'Rear, I failed to see any mention of what I guess is a fairly interesting fact. Judge O'Rear, one of Kentucky's best known gentlemen, died in Versailles (Kentucky, that is) September 12. He was ninety-eight years old. Judge O'Rear's father was born during the administration of George Washington. Between them, they lived under every President the United States has had.

► There is a new book called "The Greatest Laughs of All Time" which Gerald Lieberman collected and which Doubleday published this week. I have searched through it for an example which would in one short paragraph show a typical greatest laugh of all time. I'm still looking.

►A girl back from Europe reported that her father liked Venice best of all. It wasn't the gondolas and St. Mark's that got him; it was the fact that he could sit in his hotel and fish from the window.

►And Aaron Stookey has just told me about a fellow he knows in Kansas who is so insignificant and so unimportant that his yawn isn't even catching. —Jerome M. Beatty.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1435)

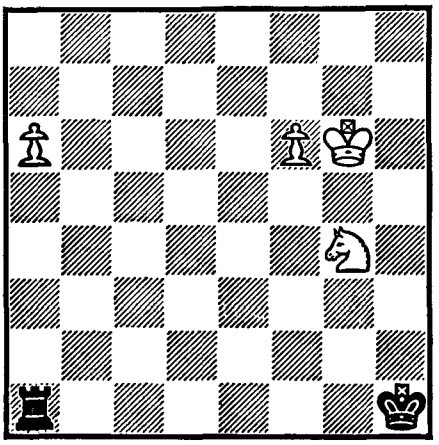
(T. H.) White:

(THE) MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT (1960)

On Election Day, America is Republican until five or six in the evening. In the last few hours of the day, working people and their families vote, on the way home from work or after supper; it is then that America goes Democratic, if it goes Democratic at all.

Chess Corner—No. 60

MOST games of chess are decided by superior force. And, paradoxically, the lowly Pawn, the least forceful of all the units, plays its greatest role in the denouement. This is so because the Pawn's ability to convert to a Queen is reached. All the Pawn need do is get to the eighth rank—a simple task hypothetically, or so it would seem, yet in practice one full of devious, tortuous obstacles. The following ending, a sample from Irving Chernev's new book, "Practical Chess Endings," which contains several hundred of them, clearly depicts an obstacle and the winning process. Here White's King engages in an arduous, perpipatetic tour while his Knight runs interference, warding off direct and indirect thrusts against the Pawn.



WHITE TO PLAY AND WIN

1 P-B7 .....

On other moves, Black plays RxP and sacrifices the Rook for the remaining Pawn. With a lone Knight plus, White is unable to win.

1 ..... RxPch 2 N-B6 .....

Not 2 K-N7, R-R2, followed by ..... RxP.

2 ..... R-R1 3 N-K8 .....

Shutting the Rook out of an avenue of approach. But there are other ways.

3 ..... R-R3ch 4 K-N5 .....

Not 4 K-N7, R-R2, followed by..... RxP, nor 4 K-B5, R-R8 5 P-B8 (Q), R-B8ch, followed by .....RxQ.

4 ..... R-R4ch 5 K-N4 .....

Again, the only move. Not 5 K-B4, R-R8, with ..... R-KB8 to follow.

5 ..... R-R5ch 7 K-B2 R-R7ch
6 K-N3 R-R6ch 8 K-K3 .....

The King marched down. Now he marches up.

8 ..... R-R6ch 11 K-K6 R-R3ch
9 K-K4 R-R5ch 12 K-Q7 R-R2ch
10 K-K5 R-R4ch 13 N-B7 Resigns

—Al Horowitz.

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On education... on poetry, painting and philosophy...

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By Louis F. Peck. Author of *The Monk*, one of the most famous Gothic novels, Matthew Lewis is attracting increasing attention for his own talent. Here at last is a biography that introduces him as a whole man, not just a collection of eccentricities. $7.75

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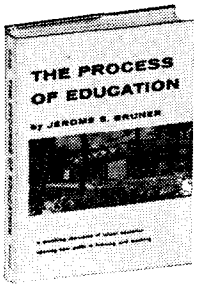
Will your child learn, in grade school, things you can't understand today?



Ten months ago, we published a 97-page book called THE PROCESS OF EDUCATION—a book which *Fortune* says *"already ranks as one of the most important and influential works on education..."* The public has agreed — a third printing has just come off the press. If you have not yet discovered THE PROCESS OF EDUCATION, may we suggest you do so this week.

THE PROCESS OF EDUCATION
By Jerome S. Bruner
$2.75

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THE FUNCTION OF IMAGERY IN THE DRAMA

By Maurice Charney. Stylistic differences and imagistic continuities in *Julius Caesar, Antony and Cleopatra,* and *Coriolanus* are discussed in terms of poetic imagery, costume, gestures, and Elizabethan stage conditions. $4.75

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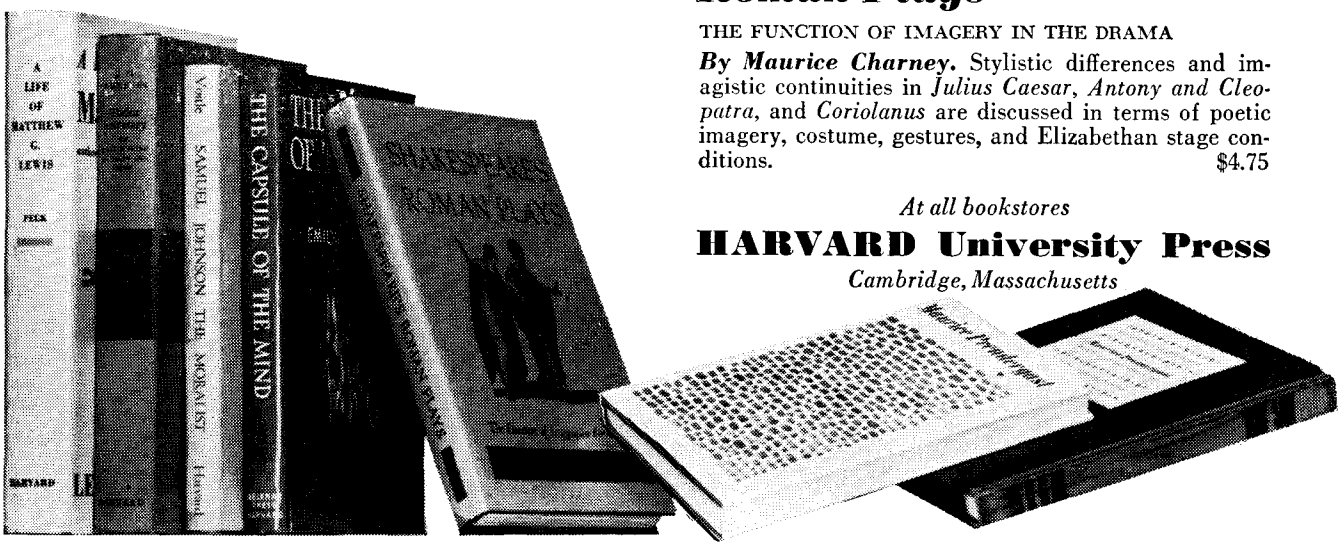

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Saturday Review
SEPTEMBER 30, 1961

CAN U.S. INDUSTRY AND GOVERNMENT WORK TOGETHER ABROAD?

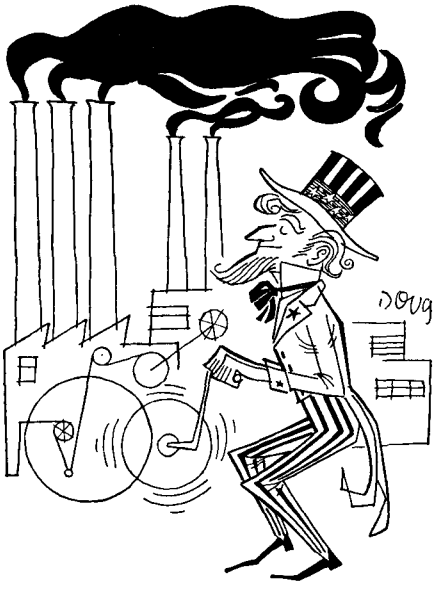
In recent months SR has had the privilege of publishing, prior to their public distribution, reports from the Fund for the Republic. The Fund has just completed an important study of the delicate balance between private industry and government in their relationship with underdeveloped areas. The following report, based on "Government and Business in International Trade," is by Heinrich Kronstein, director of the Institute for Foreign and International Common Commercial Law in Frankfurt, West Germany, and of the Institute of Foreign and International Trade Law at Georgetown University. Free copies of the complete study may be obtained by writing to the Fund for the Republic at 133 East 54th St., N.Y. 22.

By HEINRICH KRONSTEIN

AT A TIME when America's world leadership is under severe attack from the Soviet Union and its allies, the U.S. government and private enterprise, by working at cross-purposes, have impaired our economic and political position both here and abroad. Three propositions will illustrate how this has come about.

Proposition 1 is that the American private corporation, the powerhouse of American technology and economic experience, is being deterred from the mainstream of activity in new underdeveloped countries.

During recent years the U.S. has developed, or at least accepted, a fresh approach to American activity in the new countries. The government has conducted economic relations through its different agencies, or jointly with other governments, usually through the United Nations or an institution established under the auspices of the U.N. In turn, the recently sovereign nations have entered into economic relations through *their* governments. As a result, private enterprise has to a large extent lost its role as instigator, planner, and executor of development in these new lands. Adaptation of private policy to



the needs of the countries or to American needs in foreign markets has declined. Many governments not in the Communist bloc have excluded private enterprise as a participant in important industrial fields or have created difficulties that amount to practical exclusion.

A number of more or less settled practices have developed, such as making outright gifts of military and other technical materials, offering governmental long-term loans, and guaranteeing through governmental agencies credit which is made available as corporate loans.

The combination of military and economic aid by the same organization, the United States government, is a clear example of the confusion of social functions. The Executive and the Congress, formulating one budget, make basic decisions on military, technical, and economic aid, even though these are administered by different agencies.

Corporations have more or less accepted this policy. Today they are active in the new countries only insofar as the government will assume the risk. One reason for this is undoubtedly the rule of international law that local governments may nationalize commercial enterprises and other forms of foreign investment at any time. The expropriations in Cuba are recent examples, as is the expropriation of the Belgian-owned streetcar system in Cairo, which was carried out without any previous conflict or warning. Since even old underdeveloped countries may behave in this way, the governments of new countries may be expected to follow suit as soon as enough private investment has accumulated to make so-called nationalization attractive.

American corporations do not really

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fight this situation. They are satisfied with receiving guarantees by the government through the channel of a semi-governmental bank which amount to 90 per cent of the possible losses provided the contemplated transaction conforms to the rules and limitations established by the American government. This means that the transaction must be acceptable to and supported by the friendly sovereign government of the other country. Therefore, there is no room for any careful autonomous planning by American experts with a view toward a long-term program. As a result, the initiative is left in the hands of the new nations and their governments.

For the contemporary American corporation, the philosophy of safety has taken over and deprived management of business initiative.

Systematic planning of foreign development operations is a job ideally suited to the industrial experts in our corporations. Perhaps some corporations are engaged in this work, but I doubt that their part is substantial. The advisory services of industrial planners or economists not connected with industry may be helpful, but these people are not occupied with the actual job.

It is interesting to see what great success a relative newcomer, Italy, has had in industrial planning. Fiat, Montecatini, Italian Edison, Innocento, and Pirelli established a joint agency to prepare a plan for underdeveloped territories. The Iranian government employed it to outline the development of the southeast part of Iran. Argentina, Egypt, Tunisia, and Togo soon followed. Negotiations with Central African states are now pending. This systematic inclusion of a private agency in the planning job is an important step. The Federal Republic of Germany is considering setting up a mixed agency composed of government and private groups to serve the same purpose. But this is still not enough. Private experts continue to be needed after the plan has begun to operate, as is evident in the recent efforts of the Argentine government to bring American and European technicians there to run industrial plants erected with government aid. In spite of the fact that the number of industrial plants in Argentina set up with government aid had increased substantially by 1960, total production has decreased because of the lack of qualified people to run the plants.

Proposition 2 is that the American corporation, which has invested substantial funds, especially in the old underdeveloped countries, is not treated as a part of the economy when American trade policy is being formulated.

Among the American enterprises most active in foreign countries, irrespective of government guarantees, are the omnipresent oil companies. Like other corporations, they have not always put the interests of their own country first, but recently their actions have began to show an intention to help the U. S. and the local countries.

Our special problem can be best illustrated in the transformation of Venezuela by the American oil companies from a poor agricultural economy into a country with a mixed economy, to a certain extent modern and effective, in other respects still at the economic level of the fourteenth century. Then, a few years ago, the American steel industry, having acquired highly valuable iron ore deposits in Venezuela, became the second great United States investor there. This further revolutionized life in Venezuela. Only the lethargic remained unmoved, and no one's aspirations stayed the same. A modern industrial life was forced on the nation.

NO ONE can be surprised that investments of this scope should lead to social upheaval. The farming population, living at the lowest possible level, met American luxury and a standard of living they had never even imagined. Many people left their farms and tried to get jobs in the oil and steel industries. Some of them succeeded. Those who did not, and who are now living in the cities under conditions worse than those they had left, threaten the public order in Venezuela.

Now if relatively open market conditions had been maintained within the United States, the ups and downs of business cycles would not have brought about the dangers of a revolt in Venezuela. Iron ore deposits developed by American enterprise would have led the country further away from its undesirable monolithic economy. But at a time when Venezuela had a weekly income of about $25,000,000 from oil, and could expect and hope for development of its large resources of minerals and cheap power, the United States government, led by the Congress, accepted a new type of isolationist policy. The American oil industry had gone to Venezuela in the light of forecasts that the end of our own oil supply was imminent. But our statisticians and planners proved to be wrong. The United States did not enter a period of shortage of energy. Local coal interests and independent oil producers persuaded Congress and the Executive to act in their sole interest. The Johnson Oil Import Bill authorized the President to establish quotas on oil imports into the United States.

American politicians did not consider what would happen to Venezuela and to the American investor there. Not only did Venezuela suffer from the new legislation; the American consumer, especially in New England, was forced to pay higher gasoline prices. Venezuelan oil was forced to look for substitute markets, and turned to Western Europe. Near East oil, which to a large extent is under the control of American firms, had its principal markets there. United States coal also had an important market in Europe, at least for a time. Now we find the American coal corporations attempting to persuade Europe to keep out Venezuelan oil by fixing import quotas. Such attempts show our lack of a clear trade policy. We deal with expediencies, ignoring the interdependencies of corporate and public interests.

Proposition 3 is that the United States government has no influence on investments made by American private corporations in other industrial areas, such as England, Australia, Western Europe, or Japan.

The American public has suddenly found itself confronted with a crisis in the balance of payments. For years it was common to speak of the dollar gap of the industrial European nations. Recently, however, the newspapers reported on the same day a request for German aid to the United States, and a new dollar investment by Ford in shares of its English subsidiary. The American government appeared to be without any controlling influence over investment in Western Europe. Besides the undesirable results that this could have for the United States, the European governments themselves are unhappy with the extent of present investment in Europe by American firms and private individuals. These investments have an inflationary effect and constitute an element of insecurity, especially in dangerous political and social situations. They have now destroyed the balance between the currencies that existed for about twenty years, a balance that was always rightly considered one of the proud accomplishments of American postwar policy. The German revaluation is only the beginning of many new currency ventures unless the United States, Europe, and Japan, the industrial nations of the world, come to a clear agreement on economic policy that will obviate currency fluctuation resulting from speculation. Currency measures can be justified only if they are part of a combined new economic plan.

American corporations defend their investment policy in Europe in varying terms. For one thing, the United States has proved unable to avoid a price level that is noncompetitive with other in-

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dustrial nations. I agree with those who consider it at least superficial to assume that this price level is an effect of trade union policies. Wages are just another element of costs, whatever trade unionists or economists may say. In modern industry labor cost is usually such a small percentage of total cost that it is not the major factor responsible for the present price differentials. Is it not possible to find a workable base for comparing labor costs, taking into consideration housing aid, unemployment and sickness insurance, and other indirect wage support? It is my impression that labor unions are not much interested in learning the facts because they would like to preserve the argument that management prefers foreign operation with its cheap labor. On the other hand, management uses the allegation of cheap foreign labor as a basis for seeking such governmental support as satisfactory tariff laws.

The rift between European and American prices is the product of many elements, more or less historical in nature. American corporations that have invested in Europe apparently expect this price gap to continue. In fact, they are interested in maintaining it since otherwise one of the immediate reasons for their policy of investment would be proved incorrect.

IN the opinion of American corporations investing abroad, European governments are in favor of high tariffs. For this reason American merchants and exporters consider it good policy to set up their own strong and independent position behind the tariff wall of the Common Market and of the EFTA. They have good reason for wanting Europe to continue this type of high tariff policy, for, once their investments are made, they do not wish to see an open market policy which might permit other American corporations that have not made large investments to compete in the European market or in other parts of the world through European companies. The United States government has just the opposite interest, from both a political and an over-all economic point of view. Its interest is in a low tariff policy in Europe and in a slowly developing but planned common market consisting of Europe and the United States.

American industry, whether admitting it or not, is vitally interested in collecting and using all modern technology. Obviously, one of the most effective ways to maintain a continuous access to new technology is to keep a strong financial interest in European corporations that are themselves doing research.

Up to now European trade with new or old underdeveloped territories has been easier and more profitable than American trade, partly because of the different price level, partly because there are fewer bureaucratic entanglements. How do we define the governmental or public interest with respect to this fact? Has the public enough material to reach a considered judgment? The fact is that misinformation is especially rampant about American interests in foreign technology. The man in the street believes today, just as he did in the Twenties, that the United States is technologically self-sufficient and that a corporation making investments in other industrial countries is a kind of traitor to America.

I hope that these references show the lack of any fixed policy into which the acts of our government and our corporations may be integrated. How can we find a clear line of policy?

I realize that this calls for something foreign to the American scene—a decision to establish a long-term political international trade program. But a long-term program would be able to fix workable rules governing the behavior of American corporations abroad, which would be in line with our general standards of ethics and of economic policy. In the cases dealing with American participation in foreign cartels, the courts have set up principles that may be helpful in this new work. Even now an American corporation operating in a foreign country in a manner inconsistent with defined American interests is subject to the control of our courts and eventually of our administrative agencies.

In implementing the new policy we could bring to bear the full weight of our influence to change the international law regarding expropriation of American or other foreign assets by countries in our own sphere of interest. And I suggest the establishment of a tribunal that would have jurisdiction over any dispute arising out of agreements between U.S. corporations on the one hand and governments or individuals in underdeveloped territories on the other.

WE should be interested in what the Communists are thinking about this situation. They are convinced that the economic interests of the free nations will finally lead to conflicts and open the road to Communist takeover. But I daresay that the establishment of an Atlantic Common Market, in which after one or two decades public and private restraint could be abolished, would guarantee the fullest possible access to technological development and would eventually lead to a uniform price and wage level. The standards of living of Western Europe and the United States, which even now are not as disparate as commonly thought, would then become more uniform. Corporations would find their place wherever the market position is best. They would behave in the Atlantic Common Market as they are behaving in the American market. The most effective

(*Continued on page* 34)

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Mainstream on Main Street

By Granville Hicks

FOR A long time now people in literary circles have been wondering why in the world Mark Schorer was devoting so much time and energy to writing the official biography of Sinclair Lewis. In an article recently published in the *New York Times Book Review*, Schorer acknowledged the persistence of this question. A while back, he said, Elizabeth Bowen asked him, "Who is Sinclair Lewis to have taken seven years out of your life?" After saying that Lewis finally took nine years, he went on: "The question seems to have its point, for during these nine years it has been asked of me in one form or another by many of my friends and colleagues of a certain kind. We thought your writers, these would say in effect, were William Blake and Henry James and Jane Austen and D. H. Lawrence. What connection has Lewis, that literary roughneck, with any of these?"

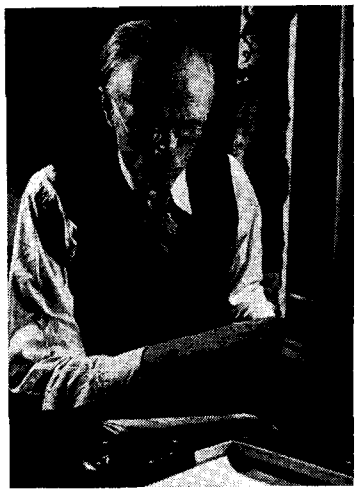
Schorer's essay did not quite answer the question, but now that his book—"**Sinclair Lewis: An American Life**" (McGraw Hill, $10)—has appeared, we can begin to see where the answer lies. As he pointed out in the essay, he, too, came from the Middle West—from Sauk City, Wisconsin, instead of Sauk Centre, Minnesota. It would be accusing him of a kind of condescension from which he is wholly free to suggest that Schorer has been saying to himself, "There but for the grace of God go I," and yet the book's great success clearly arises from his ability to put himself in Lewis's place. He, too, so to speak, might have gone wrong.

For whatever reason he undertook the task, once it was begun he was fascinated by it, and I am sure that he was rarely bored during his nine years' captivity. This long book—814 pages of text— grows out of a prodigious piece of research. An official biographer, Schorer had access to Lewis's manuscripts, diaries, letters, engagement book, and other personal papers. He has consulted many books in which Lewis is mentioned, and he has studied various collections of letters. As for the people he has questioned, in person or by mail, he lists a couple of hundred names, for Lewis knew everybody, and everybody had his Lewis stories.

The witnesses were so numerous that Schorer found difficulty in weighing their testimony, and some of his correspondents are going to have their doubts about his conclusions. I think he is wrong about one incident in which I was involved, and I know he is wrong about another. "Then came, too," he says, "Granville Hicks and Newton Arvin, hoping that he would lend his name to a 'Writers for Truman' roster. He was kind, cordial, modest, even deferential, and very gently declined to lend his support to their project as he indicated that he was completely skeptical about the usefulness of American writers in public life or politics." Lewis was skeptical all right, but he did sign the statement, as a clipping from the New York *Times* shows.

But such errors as there may be, I am confident, are no more important than this one. A larger question concerns the length of the book. At first, when Schorer is writing about Lewis's boyhood, his years at Yale, and his early literary efforts, the minute detail seems valuable, but I am not so sure about the latter half of the book. Do we need to be told about all of Lewis's travels, all of the houses he lived in, all of the people he quarreled with? I don't suppose we are told all the times he lost his temper and all the times he got drunk, but there is a great deal of this kind of information. The whole book, in fact, is planned on a scale that sometimes seems excessive.

On the other hand, having chosen this scale, Schorer handles his materials brilliantly. This is one of the saddest stories ever told, the story of a man whom happiness always eluded. In his early years Lewis had good reason to be unhappy: as a boy he had almost no experience of love and little of friendship; in college he was, at least in his own mind, an outcast; his literary career began unpromisingly. Then, at the age of thirty-five, with the publication of "Main Street," he had a stunning success, and triumph



—Hans Knopf-Pix.

Sinclair Lewis at his typewriter.

WHEN IN DECEMBER 1930 Sinclair Lewis rose to his feet in a palace in Stockholm to deliver the most unconventional Nobel Award address to which that distinguished gathering has ever listened, he made two significant statements. He said that he had always been fortunate; and later that the American novelist must work alone, in confusion, unassisted save by his own integrity. . . . Neither of his two statements was quite true as far as his own life was concerned. No man can be called consistently fortunate who has had to work for ten years alone and in confusion, and Lewis had endured the indifference of critics and the public before "Main Street" brought him fame almost overnight. . . . Sinclair Lewis had a morbid fear of loneliness, perhaps the most obvious trait in his complex nature. He wanted to have friends. He liked and was charmed by women, but as in the case of so many men, the company of the most devoted and intelligent woman could not take the place of the conversation of male companions. But his friends were always drifting away from him. They could not keep up with him; or they could not endure for long the close scrutiny of an endlessly inquiring mind, or the long satirical monologues in which he imitated with astonishing virtuosity the accents of characters he had not yet brought to birth. Oddly enough he never parodied women; but the voices of long-winded men in smoking cars, of Babbitts and Elmer Gantrys and the men who knew Coolidge were always echoing in his friends' ears.

—From the Introduction to "From Main Street to Stockholm: Letters of Sinclair Lewis, 1919-1930," edited by Harrison Smith (Harcourt, Brace).

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followed triumph until, in 1930, he was awarded the Nobel Prize. But even in this triumphant decade he was dissatisfied, restless, often depressed, and the two decades that followed are plainly labeled by Schorer "Decline" and "Fall." Quite conscious that his powers were failing, he lived out his frantic life.

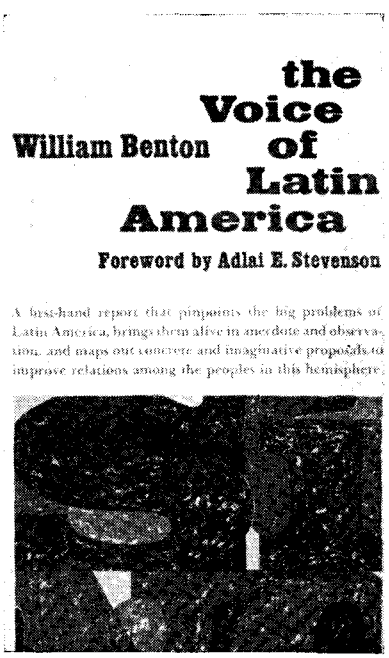
WHILE fully describing Lewis's ordeal, Schorer does not neglect his writing. On the contrary, he discusses even the most trivial of the novels and pays attention to short stories and essays. Nor has he in any way compromised with the literary standards he had professed—for instance, in such an essay as "Technique as Discovery"—before he undertook this job. He sees virtues in the novels of the Twenties, but he also sees large faults, and when novels are trash, as some of the later ones are, he does not pretend that they are anything else.

Schorer relates Lewis's shortcomings as a writer to defects of his nature. Quoting a critic who describes Lewis's characters as perpetually adolescent, he says that this is really the problem in Lewis's own life—"simply the fact that he was, at the center of himself, beneath the gilded trappings and the expansive gestures, no larger, no more mature, no more human than these characters, forever trapped in a coarse and starved and empty youth." And it is because this immaturity seems to him a national trait that Schorer has subtitled his book "An American Story."

It was the fact that he was so representative that gave Lewis the peculiar power he did have. "He was one of the worst writers in modern American literature," Schorer sums up, "but without his writing one cannot imagine modern American literature. That is because, without his writing, we can hardly imagine ourselves. In at least five solid works—'Main Street,' 'Babbitt,' 'Arrowsmith,' 'Elmer Gantry,' and 'Dodsworth'—the endurable core that followed upon his slow start and preceded his long decline, he gave us a vigorous, perhaps a unique thrust into the imagination of ourselves."

It is just such a thrust, I feel, that Schorer gives us. As one drives one's way through this mass of material—and sometimes it is hard going—one sees how truly this is an American story. There were a dozen selves in Sinclair Lewis, Schorer says, or maybe two hundred, and at the center emptiness. By exploring so many of the contradictory selves, Schorer has defined the central emptiness, and we gaze into it, as Lewis must have done in rare but critical moments, with an emotion that is close to terror.

Book in the News


the Voice of Latin America
William Benton
Foreword by Adlai E. Stevenson
A first-hand report that pinpoints the big problems of Latin America, brings them alive in anecdote and observation, and maps out concrete and imaginative proposals to improve relations among the peoples in this hemisphere.

By Germán Arciniegas, *Colombian Ambassador to Italy, and author of "The State of Latin America."*

SENATOR WILLIAM BENTON visited Latin America in 1960 together with Adlai Stevenson. According to his own statement, he made the trip in order to learn. On the basis of his observations and the reflections they inspired he has written "**The Voice of Latin America**" (Harper, $3.95), which concludes with these words: "I like to think we returned more learned than we left, thanks largely to the instructive and stimulating people we met. I like to believe we returned as *better citizens of the Hemisphere*. We are persuaded we did." In justice to the author we can only say, "Mr. Senator, you are right."

It is not possible today, and it was not possible in the past, to become fully acquainted, on only a brief tour, with a world as complex as Latin America and as unknown to Americans from the United States. But today, after the fall of Perón, Rojas Pinilla, Perez Jimenez, after the assassination of Trujillo, after the Cuban revolution, the traveler is much better prepared to understand what he sees than was John Gunther when he wrote "Inside Latin America." Feelings which were formerly buried have risen to the surface, and the news of Latin America in the daily papers takes up so much space that inevitably its geography, its politics, its economic conditions, and its educational problems impress themselves upon the consciousness of the man in the street and are added to the sum of his more familiar preoccupations. Without traveling, the average American is now fairly well informed. Senator Benton's knowledge, of course, was much broader than that of most of his countrymen, and his attitude when he started out on his trip was that of a man predisposed to interpret what he saw correctly and to do his own country a service.

Confronted with the new developments in Latin America, Senator Benton does not hesitate to propose radical solutions which until yesterday no one would have dared consider. For example, he thinks that it would lessen tensions between Latin America and the United States if the headquarters of the Organization of American States were transferred from Washington to a Latin American country. In Latin America, he states, it is felt that the OAS in Washington is a captive of the United States. If it were physically separated from Washington the psychological factor of distance would be removed. Where should it be located? He suggests Panama.

Thinking along the same lines, the Senator proposes the internationalization of the Panama Canal, which was one of the original points put forward by the APRA (Alianza Popular Revolucionaria Americana) party forty years ago. Mr. Benton makes this suggestion:

> We should give consideration to a plan for internationalizing the Canal Zone, perhaps under control of the Organization of American States, even though both the administration in Washington and the Government of Panama have been on record as opposing such a step. When Theodore Roosevelt negotiated the independence of Panama from Colombia in 1903 he created a country with a built-in scar. This scar, the ten-mile-wide Canal Zone that bisects Panama, rankles in the hearts of Panamanians and provides tinder for their political wars. The situation has not been helped by the attitude of the United States inhabitants of the Canal Zone, many of whom seldom if ever leave the Zone. The Canal's importance is largely economic today, rather than military. Its hemispheric internationalization might provide important ideological dividends. It could not only provide a home for the OAS, if the OAS wanted a house; it could help support the OAS and its projects.

It is not my purpose to consider whether this is the most satisfactory solution that could be found. It coincides with the thinking of Bolívar and personally I subscribe to it wholeheartedly. But what this proposal of Senator Benton's illustrates is the realization by

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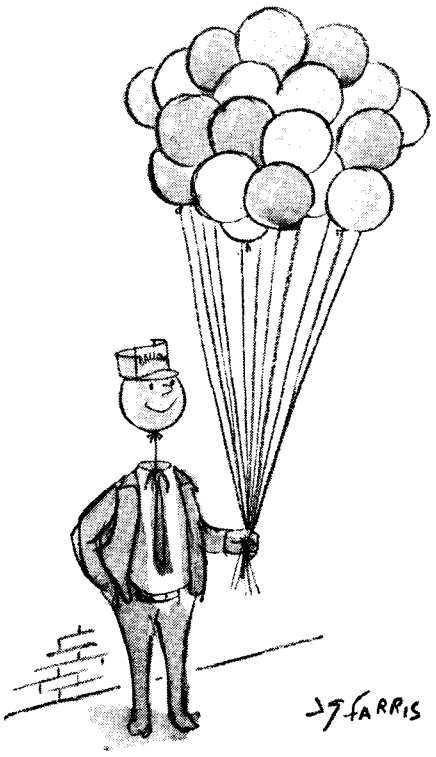
contemporary statesmen that the formulas of the past will not suffice to solve the problems of the American continent today. The great mistakes of the past can be remedied only by radical measures. Indeed, it seems to me that in Senator Benton's own book, as in almost everything that is written on the subject today, there is a false premise. It is no longer timely to think in terms of "helping Latin America"; rather, the emphasis should be on integrating the Americas, on creating "a single America" which would be the continent of democracy. In all the political literature that appears in the United States there is an overemphasis on the concept of defense against Communist aggression. To help Latin America in order to prevent its serving as a bridgehead for Communism is to deprive such help of all its moral effectiveness. America must be strengthened because it is America and for no other reason. Common cause must be made in order to achieve an aim which is desirable in itself, not in defense against Communism, but rather in reply to it. What is needed is to make of the American continent, from Alaska to Patagonia, a house of free men who are sufficiently well nourished to be able to enjoy the benefits of justice and progress.

THE Russian propaganda offensive in Latin America, dramatically described by Senator Benton, caught the nations of the South defenseless. The peoples of Latin America saw that countries in Europe, Asia, and Africa that had formerly lived in a condition of primitive or medieval backwardness were now bridging the centuries in the space of ten, twenty, or thirty years; they saw countries that had been reduced to ruins by war become major industrial powers; yet in the midst of this general resurgence, to whose success the United States in its generosity contributed rivers of gold, the neighboring American countries were forgotten. Latin America received more aid during those years in arms to uphold local dictatorships than in broad plans for industrialization, education, or roads. Such was the great mistake committed, for example, in Cuba.

The United States attitude toward its neighbors becomes the more apparent if we compare it with Russia's attitude toward China. When Russia saw that the opportunity to incorporate China into its political orbit had fallen into its lap, it recognized at once that in this near neighbor it would find its greatest political support; accordingly it concentrated its immediate aid on China. In those days the United States was concerning itself more with the Formosa of Chiang Kai-shek than with Latin America. The republics to the south were regarded more as a businessman's preserve than as a bulwark of democracy.

Senator Benton's book, written only yesterday, is already old—and prophetic. In these days the whole picture in Latin America changes in a single week. The events that have occurred in the short time since he wrote his book have borne out his predictions and shown that his suggestions concerning such subjects as economic reconstruction were correct. The Kennedy plan, approved at Montevideo, puts the plans of the Government in Washington into the framework envisaged by the Senator. But he himself insists on the importance of other, no less decisive factors. As one who has been associated with UNESCO he knows that the fundamental problem is education. With eighty million illiterates, the Latin Americas are on the verge of revolution. In our countries the man who cannot read and write or who is only half literate—which is even worse—is the factor determining distinctions which in terms of revolution are dynamite. In Latin America the cities are overdeveloped and the rural areas underdeveloped. The rich live better than those in New York, while the conditions of the peasants is worse than before the arrival of Columbus. This difference in level between the capital city of a Latin American republic and its hinterland might also be equated with that which exists between the United States as a whole on the one hand and Latin America as a whole on the other. I myself would not say that those eighty million illiterates live in Latin America, but rather that they live in America; that they are a drawback not only to Mexico, Bolivia, or Colombia, but to the entire continent.



Senator Benton offers the timely reminder that eighty million was the number of illiterates in Russia when the Bolshevik revolution broke out. He adds: "In less than forty years, beginning with a population of whom half to three-quarters were illiterate, the USSR had built an educational training system rivaling that of the United States in universality."

IN the presence of historic new developments, at times such as this when an overturn in Latin America would pose as grave a threat to the Western Hemisphere as the Russian Revolution posed to Europe, heroic efforts are called for—and not only heroic efforts but also heroic rectifications of past mistakes. If the money spent in Latin America to arm dictatorships had been spent for schools, roads, and factories, the outlook would be far different today.

I am not one who thinks that Russia in the past knew more about Latin America than did the United States. In Moscow people did not even know where Cuba was or what was the capital of Argentina. Lenin's study of Bolívar is one of the few childish pages in all his vast literary output. To the overthrow of Batista and the triumph of the revolution in the Sierra Maestra, Russia contributed not so much as a kopek, to say nothing of a ruble. It did not furnish a single round of ammunition. To be honest, we must recognize that the revolution was made with dollars and with the formidable fighting spirit of Castro and his soldiers. But as soon as Batista fled from Havana and trouble with Washington began, Khrushchev offered Castro his services, and in the space of a year or two they developed as intimate a friendship as history has ever known. All this was dictated by the course of events. But if we are going to concede the Russians a degree of imagination which they may not actually possess, we must recognize that their greatest achievement in the past years was to keep the attention of the United States riveted on Europe, Africa, Asia, Korea, and Formosa, allowing it no time to concern itself with the affairs of the republics that were its neighbors.

Senator Benton issues his book as an invitation to think about the America he visited, where his guides were men like Lopez Mateos, Alberto Lleras, Frodizi, Prebisch, Alessandri, Eduardo Santos, and many others with whom he was able to have private conversations. This is what makes "The Voice of Latin America" so stimulating and timely.

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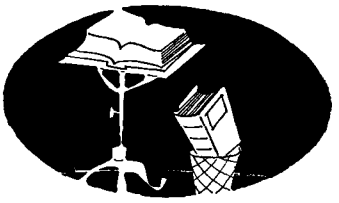
BOOK OF THE WEEK

One Hundred Thousand Words More



"Webster's Third New International Dictionary (Unabridged)," Philip Babcock Gove, Editor in Chief *(Merriam. 2,720 pp. $47.50), is the first new Merriam-Webster Unabridged in the past twenty-seven years. As a book and magazine editor, a writer and translator, David M. Glixon has long been a slave to the dictionary habit.*

By David M. Glixon

WE HAVE no sooner recovered from the spate of articles comparing the New English Bible with the King James Version than along comes a new unabridged dictionary to start the parallel columns rolling again. The event is equally important, for the adherents of a given dictionary defend their choice with all the fervor of religious devotees. We shall not here indulge in parallel columns; neither time nor space has permitted the full treatment the subject deserves and must certainly receive.

Webster's Third New International is a work of tremendous scope, the impressive result of great expenditures of thought and money over the past decade. We are in a quite different era from that of Merriam-Webster's Second Edition, fresh criteria govern the new editorial staff, and thus a statistical comparison of the two volumes would be misleading. It is the criteria themselves that demand examination.

Thousands of pictures and rare words and obsolete meanings have been omitted in order to make room for 100,000 terms that did not appear in the Second Edition, mostly because they had not yet come into the language, but many because of prudery or from other conservative motives. The new edition also employs a vast collection of contemporary quotations to demonstrate how words are used today at all levels of culture: we learn from General Eisenhower and Polly Adler as well as from Yeats and Virginia Woolf. For under the new dispensation the editors do not pretend to rule on what is correct; they merely record the words and pronunciations now prevailing "among the educated and cultured people to whom the language is vernacular." Even the label "colloquial" has been dropped because "it is impossible to know whether a word out of context is colloquial or not."

In this connection it is good to be told that although when used in place of *hasn't* or *haven't, ain't* is considered "substandard," you may feel free to use it for *aren't, isn't* and *am not*; for in this sense, "though disapproved by many and more common in less educated speech," the word is "used orally in most parts of the U.S. by many cultivated speakers esp. in the phrase *ain't I.*" It would seem that permissiveness, now on the wane in child-rearing, has caught up with the dictionary makers. Having descended from God's throne of supreme authority, the Merriam folks are now seated around the city desk, recording like mad.

It took little time for owners of the Second Edition to realize that they possessed virtually a one-volume encyclopedia. That concept was ruled out when the editors of the Third decided that "the primary objective of precise, sharp defining" could be met only by a new technique using "completely analytic one-phrase definitions. . . . Instead of encyclopedic treatment at one place of a group of related terms, each term is defined at its own place in the alphabet."

Unfortunately, several deficiencies of the new work are more immediately apparent than the solid virtues of greater scientific accuracy in the definitions. Reverting to the Bible—to cite a minor but symptomatic example—the Second Edition not only gave a succinct historical rundown of editions of the English Bible under a main heading, but provided further detail in separate entries for each version; the Third gives

THE WORD WATCHERS: For settling family arguments, refereeing Scrabble games, pressing wildflowers, flattening out curled-up photographs, and boosting young guests up to dinner-table height, nothing can match "Webster's Unabridged." This all-purpose volume has been virtually unrivaled both in size and significance ever since a Massachusetts lawyer, politician, and amateur scientist and gardener named Noah Webster became vexed at the inadequacies of British dictionaries and in a scholarly pique published "An American Dictionary of the English Language" 133 years ago. The newest edition, eighth in the series he launched, weighs in at thirteen and a half pounds and costs $47.50 ($8 more than its predecessor, published in 1934). But even at $3.50 per pound, it is by far the most impressive bargain of its kind.

The dictionary includes some 450,000 entries, from *a* to *zyzzogeton*, and, according to editor-in-chief Philip B. Gove, would have taken a single editor 757 years to compile. Full-time work on the new edition began about ten years ago in Springfield, Massachusetts, where a permanent staff of seventy philologists, linguists, etymologists, and phoneticians, buttressed by more than 200 special consultants, began sifting a file of 10,000,000 words in contemporary contexts. Gathered from newspapers, magazines, books, and radio and TV programs by the dictionary's professional word watchers, the file represents probably the most complete record in existence of how Americans are using—and misusing—their language. Among the usages cited are such linguistic exotica as *orientate* ("When they come to London, colonials orientate themselves by Picadilly Circus."—Ngaio Marsh) and *finalize* ("Soon my conclusions will be finalized."—Dwight D. Eisenhower). At this rate, champions of change in language may not have to wait very many years before books are no longer written but *authorized.*

If so, the Merriam-Webster staff will certainly know about it. The company, which publishes a new edition roughly once in each generation, has already begun collecting words against the day, sometime in the 1980s, when the next will appear. "As soon as a new dictionary comes out," says Gove, "we start working on another one."

Yet for all the unquestioned beauties of this latest landmark in American lexicography, users of the mammoth volume should be warned that it also has its dangers: before lifting it, they will be well advised to take a deep breath and flex their knees, lest they find themselves *hospitalized*—or, worse yet, *elegized.*

—J.F.F.

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precious little information about the Bible *or* any of its editions.

The 1961 dictionary offers an entirely new and, it is claimed, more accurate guide to pronunciation—but the user is unaided by any key-line on the text pages. The owner of the Third will find no section illustrating common signs and symbols. There is no gazetteer; there is no biographical section, either as a unit or dispersed through the dictionary. (The space was needed, and the information is available in other works of reference.) And if the Shorter Oxford Dictionary exasperates the user by beginning every entry with a capital, the Third New International fiendishly echoes a certain modern poet by beginning *no* entries (except abbreviations) with a capital (the space-wasting note *cap* or *usu cap* may follow the entry word).

These factors lead to some amusing corollaries. The only hope you have of finding a place name is in the derivation of its adjectival use, e.g.: "**new york** . . . *adj* **1** or **new york city** *usu cap N & Y & C* (fr. *New York* or *New York City*, N.Y.): of or from New York, N.Y." Helpful, isn't it?

The same with persons. There is an excellent definition of *dickensian*, giving (but only as derivation) the author's full name, his *death* date, and "Eng. novelist." To save space, no birth date is ever given for a deceased person, even though you will learn under *pickwickian* the less important detail that the novel was published in 1836-37—a waste of the saved space.

Should you be curious about Psyche, you can read up on the maiden in the derivation of the second sense of *psyche*, where the word appears as a synonym of *cheval glass*. For, as you see, it has also been necessary to drop—in addition to place names—entries for titles of books and paintings, names of characters in literature and mythology, etc., unless used attributively. If a goddess gave her name to a genus of mollusks, though, you're in luck—for that's how those sly editors managed to slip in an identification of *astarte* (*cap*).

But if certain favorite sections are missing, we have in their stead columns and columns of definitions of completely new entries like *ninety-first, ninety-one, thirty-first, thirty-six, twenty-eight, twenty-eighth, twenty-fifth, twenty-five, twenty-four, twenty-fourth*—plus (and this will be welcomed with open arms in homes throughout the English-speaking world) five full pages of tables of commercial dyes.

Let us grant the Third New International scientifically arrays before us our present-day world of words—but don't throw out your copy of the Second Edition unabridged.

FICTION

Exile in Manhattan

***"The Hours Together," by Clara Winston** (Lippincott. 319 pp. $4.95), portrays a psychiatric patient and his Viennese-born doctor, who is himself in need of healing. Hans Koningsberger's latest novel, "A Walk with Love and Death," was published earlier this year.*

By Hans Koningsberger

FOUR people—two couples—make the pattern in Clara Winston's second novel, "The Hours Together": Dr. and Mrs. Firstmann, exiles from Vienna living on New York's West Side, and Morton and Muriel Kersh, born New Yorkers. The Firstmanns are the warp, the Kershes the woof, and in a very real sense. Dr. Firstmann has set up a practice of "psychiatric counseling," as he calls it; Morton Kersh is one of his very few patients. A to-and-fro is created, a fascinating interplay between Kersh's tottering marriage and the private life of the doctor and his wife.

Firstmann seems in complete control of life, a man who is truly the master of his own fate; for the admiring Kersh he is the man who has the answer to each and every question. But this mastery is based on a blind and total egoism. In its shadow his devoted wife totters on the brink of madness and despair, while the doctor acknowledges that there is something wrong with her only when she drops a dish or fails to make his favorite sauce exactly as it should be made. At the end catastrophe engulfs them both.

With Kersh there is a lot wrong, too. His marriage was based on the pleasures of sex, and with the bloom of that gone, he and his wife soon find themselves hating each other. But then Muriel leaves him, and he finds a new friendship with a not very young nor pretty daughter of a blind newspaper vendor. Firstmann's snobbism is outraged, but Kersh doesn't even understand the doctor's objections. Different from Firstmann, he doesn't want very much from life, and he feels he possibly deserves even less. One has the impression that Kersh—thanks partly to the doctor—is going to be all right.

In spite of these rather miserable goings-on, Clara Winston's novel is not depressing. The smell of hidden doom does not fill the reader with a sense of hopelessness but with the urge to find out, quickly, what will happen, as if the book were a whodunit.

Clara Winston—"fascinating interplay."

There are nice touches of the mood of exile in New York; the doctor's apartment in a moldy house somewhere too close to Columbus Avenue; his endless and uninformed griping about America. The description of the Kershes' sex life going awry—not exactly a virginal subject in the present-day novel—is sublime.

I have objections, too. As an analyst, Firstmann certainly interrupts his patients a bit too much, and his ignorance of American life would seem an almost insurmountable handicap in his treatment of Americans. Kersh's sudden introduction to culture with a capital C is annoyingly ingenuous. And, most important, I think it is both illegitimate and irritating to create atmosphere by literal translation of foreign tongues. Firstmann and his wife converse in German, but since we have to read their words in English, it should be normal English. *Es gibt Blumen* means "there are flowers" and not "it gives flowers," and *Der Truman* is simply Truman and not "The Truman." (One could, of course, create the same caricature effect for German readers by translating American conversation literally into German.)

Nevertheless, "The Hours Together" is a most readable book, presenting an old story in a fresh, surprising, and intriguing form.

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Hearts and Harmonics

"A Lost King," by Raymond De Capite *(McKay. 213 pp. $3.75), is a prose ballad about a "fool of God" who fails at everything except being genuinely human. Saul Maloff, now on leave from the University of Puerto Rico, lectures on literature at The New School and NYU.*

By Saul Maloff

IN THE exact center of Raymond De Capite's second book, absorbing and giving back all its light, stand the figures of a father and his son: the one a raging old Italian-American, lonely, dying, and disappointed that his son should choose playing the harmonica and selling watermelons from a horse-drawn wagon to striving mightily to succeed by the standards of the community; the other an idiot of God, who would rather make melodies and cut open the great fruit than make a million, though for his father's sake he does strive, with desperate futility, in some wonderfully funny episodes that reveal (to my mind conclusively) that playing the harmonica and selling watermelons have much more to recommend them as a way of life than one would at first suspect. And that in a sense—a misleading one—is all there is to the book; to make a fine and not merely a slight and funny book of such material required all the considerable craft and cunning its author was able to command.

That De Capite's book is less a novel than a series of illuminated panels—of scenes created more by a tone of voice and the mannered and eccentric style in which it is wrought than by action—not only does not detract from the book's merit but is its essence, its conscious method. For De Capite has written a ballad, more lyric than dramatic, an incantation, a celebration of the human heart; it is precisely the gift its protagonist—the saintly fool who is absurdly inept at everything save what is essential—means when he says, "I thought of my father lying in the wet black earth of that cemetery. Last of all I knew that I must make a song for him. And for my mother and my brother. And for everyone else, too." The gift he fashions—the "song" that is the book—is the only proper one he can offer in return for the great gift he has been given, the incomparable one of feeling, in fact, feeling made into art.

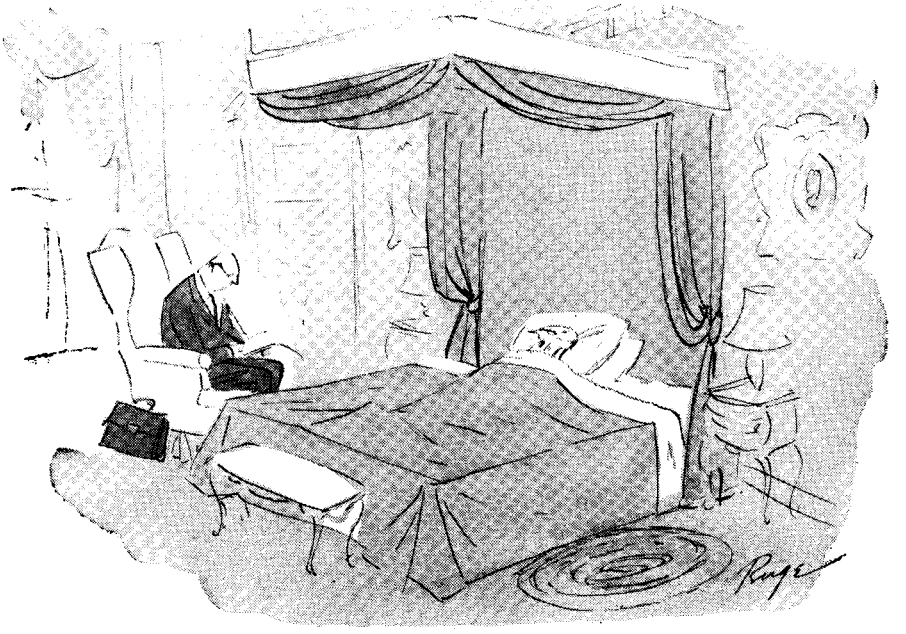
Only, I suppose, in what might be called ethnic fiction—that fiction that discovers its scene in America's last remaining community, the incompletely assimilated urban ghetto, in this instance an Italian, Greek, and Polish neighborhood in one of Cleveland's mill districts—only in such fiction as this is it still possible for a son to love his father and a girl too, to love his dead, scarcely remembered mother, and the Greek who runs the coffee-and-poker shop up the street; only here is it possible for feeling of the most exuberant and inexhaustible kind to spill over, to exist fully in its own right, needing neither nagging analysis nor apologies nor justification. Feeling exists here, merely exists, as though it were privileged to do so, as though it were what is distinctly human.

All this is most unfashionable, hopelessly innocent, an embarrassment, a little crazy really, and wilfully outside the several converging mainstreams of American fiction, where the characteristic subject is the problematic nature of feeling itself, its anguishing difficulty and predestined failure. Yet De Capite has incautiously, recklessly managed with vitality and joy to make of what might so easily have been sheer bathos an evocative and oddly moving song.

LOVE AND THE OLD PRECINCT: Of all the novels that have dealt with the brassy chicaneries of big-city politics, I can think of none more precinct-wise than **"All Good Men,"** by Thomas Fleming (Doubleday, $4.95). Mr. Fleming is seismographic to the shifts in urban sociology—from patrician founder to the Irishman who usurped his power, from timid immigrant to the second-generation sons and daughters who are scrambling for identity in this bewilderingly mobile society. All this is perhaps to be expected, for the author is the son of a Jersey City politician, and is also an experienced newspaperman.

So much for the credit side of this first novel. On the debit side, portions of the book are tediously long and talky, and its handling of such broader themes as love and filial duty is philosophically inflated and confused.

The book is concerned primarily with the campaign machinations of a ward heeler named Ben O'Connor, and secondarily with emotional and ideological conflicts between Ben and his son, Jake. Ben is loyal to the machine, sensitive to the slightest flutter of the political pulse, ever capable of compromise for the sake of expediency. He is, withal, an "honest" man. Doesn't he yield the graft to City Hall instead of pocketing it himself? A favor guarantees a vote. The vote insures to-



"Instead of cutting my nephew off with a dollar, I want to leave him the aircraft factory, the chain of hotels, three million in cash and the lead mines . . . and then see how the ungrateful wretch likes dealing with excess profit taxes, the unions, withholding forms, inheritance taxes, and a forty-five-cent dollar!"

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morrow's favor. What is dishonest about that, assuming that everyone (or almost everyone) gets what he wants and respects the conventions of the game?

Jake, however, is of the younger breed—vaguely discontented, snidely iconoclastic, somewhat addicted to abstractions. He and Ben clash on philosophic grounds, aside from suffering a much deeper family antagonism. It isn't until they are united in political battle that they gain respect for each other and lay their blood-demons to rest.

There are many arresting characterizations. Yet Jake, whose role is center-camera, is too weak and vacillating to be kept in focus, and at the end has not earned the stature that the author seems to feel he deserves. Mr. Fleming tells us that Jake has the "emotion" for love and is "afraid of the idea" of love, but he makes a poor case even for the emotion. Jake spurns the candid affection of Dolores, who turns out to be the most charming and perceptive creature in the book. All she wants to do is forget the brickbats of politics on the one side and the stuffy nonsense of her status-conscious family on the other. "We're free," she says to Jake. "We don't have to make anything so stupid and degrading the center of our lives. We can make our own center."

It sounds to me like a sensible proposition, although I can't imagine why she should offer it to such a flabby young man. We can sympathize, up to a point, with Jake's preoccupation with filial loyalty, but can't quite forget that a lad in his late twenties has a higher love calling than Dad and the Old Precinct. Most of us get over our parental traumas, or should; if we don't we're still children, and a novelist who deals with a child as if he were an adult ends up with a fictional bore.

—Walt McCaslin.

MOUNTAIN KINGS: John Ehle's new novel, **"Lion on the Hearth"** (Harper, $4.95), is certain to call forth comparisons with Thomas Wolfe's "Look Homeward, Angel." Though a generation apart in time, both books have their settings in Asheville, North Carolina. Both were written by young men who were natives of that city. And both are stories of young men growing up amid the tensions that exist within a big, complex, alive family.

Mr. Ehle is not the poet that Wolfe was, but he is, happily, a more disciplined novelist, and his story is well told and highly readable. He writes with affection for and deep insight into the mountain people. He captures their natures and their feeling for the hill country, and he conveys the idea that mountain men are more truly individual, more truly themselves, than are folks in the cities and the flatlands.

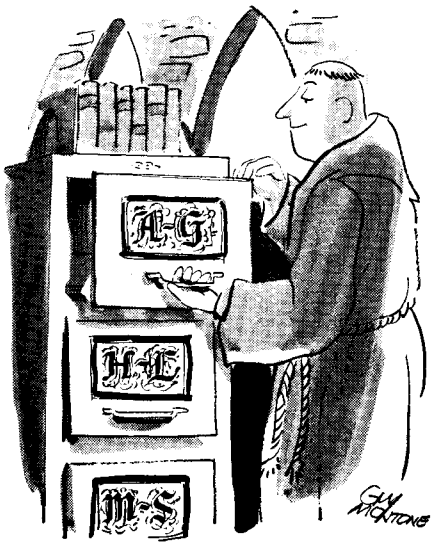
The members of his sprawling, brawling King clan—like Wolfe's Gants before them—are indeed larger than life. There's old Caleb King, tough but compassionate, who came out of the hills at the age of forty to build a little empire in Asheville; his wife Lotti, yearning obsessively for a preacher son but losing each child in turn to the family business, until she finally bears yet another at the age of fifty; Paul, the eldest boy, tormented by passions and avarice; Collins, the wandering one, a whirlwind who attracts love all the days of his life; Matthew, the wastrel; Kin, the protagonist, who finds his true nature; Johnny, the "Angel Boy," marked for the church but destined for the far places of life, and Beth, their cousin, the eternal woman who finds perfect love and loses it.

Mr. Ehle is highly successful, I feel, with Collins, who has an almost legendary quality and in whom the book achieves an emotional unity. There is a suggestion of a "Prodigal Son" parallel in the relationship between Collins and Paul—a fitting parallel, in view of the intense Biblical predilection of the mountain people, which contrasts paradoxically with their hell-raisin' ways.

On the negative side, Johnny the Angel Boy seems unreal and unconvincing, and lacks the significance, symbolic or otherwise, that the author apparently intended for him. The author is also less than successful in his evocation of family tensions, which seem more written about than unbearably felt.

However, Mr. Ehle has moved forward considerably as a novelist since his "Kingstree Island," a novel of Carolina's Outer Banks. "Lion on the Hearth" is a much better book, a more ambitious book, and generally a commendable effort.

—Betty Anne Stanback.



BLUDGEONED BY THE FATES: If ever a book had a villain—a scourge, a scoundrel, a blackguard, a ruffian—it is Pat Baines. A big, husky wheelwright, he lives with his wife, Molly, and their six children in Kelly's Lane, a Dublin slum. At the start of **"The Countrywoman"** (Scribners, $4.50), he has been serving with the British in France. Thanks to her allowance, Molly not only puts the family on its feet but gets it ahead; she buys linoleum, wallpaper, chairs, bedding, curtains, bathtub, a window box for geraniums, and a statue of the Virgin for a bedroom altar. Her daughters have fellows, her sons do well in school; they too have jobs scrubbing floors, waiting on table, working in a factory, picking over warm cinder piles.

It could be better, for they could be rich, but they are happy and good. It also could be worse, and it turns dreadfully worse when Pat comes back. He has suffered a wound, but he and Marshal Haig won the war, the first one—as he boasts when many months after the Armistice he stamps again into the midst of his family, dead drunk as when he left, still violent, brutish, and lecherous.

How Molly bears this cross is Paul Smith's appalling story. The galling truth is it cannot be borne. Relatives, neighbors, and most of the Dublin community abandon her; the landlord, the church, the school hound her, and her daughters grow up and leave. Even a beloved son goes away; and the measure of this woman's calamity is that the son's very goodness of heart can be nothing to his mother but a hurt.

It all takes place against a desolate background of hunger and disease, the bawdy screeches of women next door, the threat of Irish Republican and British Army depredations, and the insane animal savagery of Pat, who lays waste his home and beats his wife and children. Death is the only release, but to people damned like these it doesn't come easily, and there is an Olympian irony to its ultimate ministrations.

Even the warmest love, like Babby's and Tucker Tommy's, is no shield against the bludgeoning of the fates bent on the torment of Molly the "countrywoman." This is as direct and unrelenting as Greek tragedy; and the reading of it is a searing experience that will drive you, after some ribald hoots of laughter, to anger, grief, and tears. Even better than Smith's first, "Esther's Altar," this is one of the year's top novels. —W. G. Rogers.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

First Lady, First Person

"The Autobiography of Eleanor Roosevelt" *(Harper. 439 pp. $6.95), brings up to date the story of the remarkable woman who is held in a universal admiration that transcends controversy and political partisanship. Barbara Ward, for many years an editor on The Economist, is the author of several books on contemporary problems.*

By Barbara Ward

THE MODERN world is not given to uncritical admiration. It expects its idols to have feet of clay, and can be reasonably sure that press and camera will report their exact dimensions. Therefore, to find—in the person of Eleanor Roosevelt—a public figure who has become an almost universal object of respect and affection is a phenomenon worth study. Her latest book—drawn from three previous works of autobiography and from her most recent experience—gives one all the clues necessary to understand how a woman can be at once widely known and widely loved even in this self-conscious and censorious age.

The feat has not been achieved by steering clear of all controversial issues. On the contrary, since Mrs. Roosevelt is incapable of evasion in any form, she has stood at the center of most of them, making her own position modestly but unmistakably clear. The respect she has gained from many people has not sprung from any enthusiastic coincidence of views. It rather resembles the attitude of John Foster Dulles and Senator Vandenberg, who, after her first session as an official United States delegate to the United Nations, remarked to her: "Mrs. Roosevelt, we must tell you that we did all we could to keep you off the United Nations Delegation. . . . But now we feel we must acknowledge that we have worked with you gladly and found you good to work with."

Nor is the applause simply a reaction to the glamour of the high places and great events in which her life has been involved. Undoubtedly, as wife of the President during one of the great ages of reform in American politics and later as elder stateswoman of the Democratic

Eleanor Roosevelt: "One must never turn one's back on life."

Party, she has appeared in the storm center of stirring public debates and decisive encounters for nearly half a century, and her book, in its quiet, unemphatic way, is an absorbing chronicle of great events—and of the smaller domestic events that often determine them. But to be able to survive the pitiless glare of modern publicity as a wholly admirable figure has nothing to do with the historical significance of much of Mrs. Roosevelt's doings. If the picture is flawed, the brighter the light, the worse the consequences. In the amended form of Lord Acton's dictum: "All cameras corrupt, television cameras corrupt absolutely." But Mrs. Roosevelt has proved entirely incorruptible. Why?

Her book gives the answer. From a strict, lonely, and not very happy childhood, she derived a concept of self-sacrificing duty and discipline that clearly has been at once the firm base and the driving force of her development. She is Riesman's "inner-directed" personality surviving in our world of adjustment and mirror living. Yet duty and discipline can be arid guides: she says that in her earlier years she must have been at times a "hair shirt" to her husband. But the confession explains why there was so much more than duty. She is admirably, humorously detached, about herself and about others. Her asides are acute but tolerant: Mme. Chiang Kai-shek's passion for publicity is noted and forgiven; an aspiring politician lives for us in the quiet comment, "Governor Frank Clement . . . whose keynote address proved that he had a strong voice." With discipline softened by humor and discernment, duty is enhanced by curiosity and zest. There is no mistaking the accent of this voice. Duty is the springboard, not the strait jacket. "The fatal thing is the rejection. Life was meant to be lived and curiosity must be kept alive. One must never, for whatever reason, turn one's back on life."

Mrs. Roosevelt's autobiography is above all the portrait of a person. The history it gives us is history as she has seen it—not in the round but directly, with her clear and candid eye. Since, however, she has seen so much and from so central a point of vision, her reflections on our world and on our human prospects have more than an autobiographical interest. She is a very wise woman and it would be correspondingly unwise not to take notice of her hopes—and fears. Her hope is that the vision of good will and neighborly justice that inspired the years of the New Deal can now be extended to the family of man. Her fear is that the West has neither the drive nor the discipline to take on the task in time. It is significant that what chiefly impressed and troubled her in Russia was the comparison between the disciplined dedication demanded of Russian youth and the lack of preparation for service in American education. Great things cannot be accomplished by slack and listless instruments. This is the great theme of the most recent chapters added to Mrs. Roosevelt's autobiography. And it is surely the theme of her whole life, in which nothing has been listless, nothing slack.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 949

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 949 will be found in the next issue.

TLOH OBFZT NPH DBCH YLFYPHUH; OBGHZ SR NFZ RHPONFHFUDE THU.

UAH PHJHPHFZ PNDRA TNFZHP.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 948

Noise proves nothing; often a hen who has merely laid an egg cackles as if she had laid an asteroid.

—MARK TWAIN.

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Pathfinder for Peace

"The Autobiography of James T. Shotwell" *(Bobbs-Merrill. 337 pp. $6), reflects on a career that led from a small Canadian town to the presidency of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Henry C. Wolfe frequently writes and lectures on world affairs.*

By Henry C. Wolfe

ONE SATURDAY in March 1935 a large Midwestern luncheon audience gathered to hear an address on world affairs. As the chairman was about to introduce the speaker, a telegram was handed him: Hitler had just broken another treaty. This was the setting for perhaps the most lucid, penetrating interpretation of the international situation the reviewer has ever heard. The audience rose in tribute. The speaker was Dr. James T. Shotwell.

Now eighty-seven years old, president emeritus of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and honorary president of the American Association for the United Nations, this extraordinary man has been teacher, editor, author, government adviser—and servant of mankind. Tirelessly and with singular expertness, he has searched for ways to relieve international tension and to promote understanding among nations and among the diverse peoples of our turbulent planet.

The clue to Dr. Shotwell's life, he says, lies in "the world of the pioneer, first in history and then in world affairs." It would then seem symbolic that this dedicated man should have been born in the Western Ontario town of Strathroy, where his ancestors were pioneers. His father, a teacher, made sure the children read widely and learned the value of thrift and hard work. Strathroy was a rather isolated little community; but, "after all, was this isolation—with books and periodicals as constant companions? . . . I cannot imagine the old pioneering farmers and storekeepers and professional men whom I knew over half a century ago ever listening with any complacency to the flood of vaudeville vulgarity which now inundates our homes day in and day out."

Entering the University of Toronto, the young student helped pay his way by tutoring in "Latin prose, the bane of the ill-prepared, but a blessing to me." The tutoring opened the way for a summer in Europe, the first of many voyages he was to take later on world missions. Then came a scholarship to Columbia University, where he was to spend two decades, first as student, then as honored and influential teacher. When America entered World War I, he was called to Washington on government service. (He was now a United States citizen.) The following September he helped initiate secret preparations for the peace treaties with the Central Powers, though their defeat was still fourteen months away.

In December 1918 Dr. Shotwell was one of the technical experts who accompanied President Wilson to the Paris Peace Conference. He became chief of the Division of History of the American Delegation. He was among the elect who witnessed the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, and, during the Conference, had a unique close-up of many behind-the-scenes events that have vitally influenced the course of history. Some of the incidents he so vividly describes in his story are told for the first time. His brief portraits of the great and near-great sometimes explain quirks and trends in world history between the First and Second World Wars.

From the beginning, Dr. Shotwell ardently supported the League of Nations. He was convinced that man's best hope for peace lay in a strong community of states that could spread economic advancement, promote social progress, broaden the areas of freedom, and prevent the tragedy of another major conflict. But the indispensable member, the United States, remained aloof. And while the League accomplished much that was significant and salutary, Dr. Shotwell saw it sabotaged by Japanese militarism in Manchuria, Italian Fascism in Ethiopia, German Nazism's contempt for treaties, and Soviet aggression in Finland.

VERSATILITY as well as dedication has marked Dr. Shotwell's endeavors in behalf of a better world. He helped write the constitution of the International Labor Organization and had a hand in drafting the Charter of the United Nations. Traveling the world in his crusade for its betterment, he played a role in fathering the Protocol of Geneva, the Protocol of Locarno, and the Pact of Paris.

Meantime he and his Strathroy childhood sweetheart brought up a family and, despite all the travel and travail, maintained a hospitable home. Seven years ago, on his eightieth birthday, over 200 friends marched up the hill to his country house, banners flying and music playing, to honor him. Norman Cousins was master of ceremonies at the celebration.

Dr. Shotwell strains the important from the trivial; he uses words as only a man can who appreciates the essence of their meaning. On the international scene he remains sincerely aware of the human condition. And for all his delightful sense of humor, there prevails in this testament of valor the responsible spirit of his boyhood's Strathroy. For those of us who have long thought that Dr. Shotwell merits recognition by the Nobel Committee, this noteworthy autobiography impressively fortifies our conviction.

On Accepting the Gold Watch

By Hollis Summers

I HAVE admired the marks of many men
Who, quitting, scrawled these office walls
With King's X, Nix, and Foul.
And often I planned to hand my resignation
To all of you, naming you the world.

Yet here among this office furniture
I know I leave too many fingerprints
On fabric, flesh, and document
Now to stand among you claiming either
The luxury of amnesia or innocence.

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Delicate Idealism

"Woman of Valor: The Story of Henrietta Szold, 1860-1945," by Irving Fineman *(Simon & Schuster. 439 pp. $5.95), sheds new light on the founder of Hadassah, who pioneered in the establishment of Israel. Historian and biographer Marvin Lowenthal wrote and edited "Henrietta Szold: Life and Letters."*

By Marvin Lowenthal

Henrietta Szold: "The sorrier the times . . . the greater the challenge."

"EVERYWHERE we discern prognostics of the fact that life in the twentieth century will not be easy to live." So Henrietta Szold, then a young slip of a woman, told a Maryland state teachers' convention in 1887. How hard twentieth-century life has proved to be probably not the shrewdest prognostic could reveal, nor the fact that this little schoolteacher, in easing some of its worst pains, would play a role that turned her into one of the most distinguished figures of her day—distinguished both for what she was and for what she did.

She was born in Baltimore in 1860, the eldest daughter of a newly installed Hungarian rabbi; and she died in Jerusalem at the age of eighty-five. In the long interval, which saw radical and violent transformations in Western civilization, she assumed many varied tasks, each adding to her stature. In 1889, the year that gave birth to Chicago's Hull-House, she established in Baltimore a night school and Americanization center—perhaps the first in the country. For twenty-five years, first as one of its founders and then as its indefatigable secretary, translating, editing, proofreading, directing, she carried out the grinding daily work of the Jewish Publication Society of America—it too a pioneering enterprise. Through her inbred Jewish sympathies and loyalties, which made her a Zionist early in life, and by a fluke of circumstances, she launched in 1912 a modest nursing and health project in Palestine; and under her initial drive and guidance the project grew into Hadassah: The Women's Zionist Organization of America, which became a major implement in converting backward, disease-ridden Palestine into the healthiest land in the Middle East, and now, as Israel, into one of the healthiest in the world.

In her sixtieth year, when most persons fondle the thought of retirement, Miss Szold embarked on a new life in Palestine. She directed a large medical unit. She organized a nurses' school, health centers, clinics, and hospitals. She headed and brought some order into the Jewish educational system; she laid the foundation for a country-wide social service program; she served on the three-man executive board for all Zionist activities in the land. And the last decade of her life was devoted to the most dramatically appealing of her achievements: the care, the training, and the integration into normal existence of thousands of teen-age boys and girls who, parting from their parents, took refuge in Palestine from the rising storm of Nazism.

One might suppose from this brief recapitulation of her many works that this rightly-styled "woman of valor" was a high-pressure, overriding type of female executive. On the contrary, she was a woman of the utmost integrity, considerateness, and simplicity. She was modest and unassuming almost to a fault. Her inner fire, which could be furious, she kept banked. She was controlled and ennobled by the finest and most delicate idealism in her demands upon life, the world, and herself. Not only by her deeds, but through the influence her character exerted on the generation that remade the Jewish people, she has won an enduring niche in history.

Mr. Fineman's biography—the fourth, and by far the most complete, in the last twenty years—does ample justice to Henrietta Szold's character and career. Inevitably, for no work of this nature can meet every demand, there are shortcomings. Since the book is largely developed as a chronicle, the great issues and movements that loomed in the background of Miss Szold's life and molded its course receive but cursory and not always accurate attention. Much greater use could have been made of her correspondence, particularly in revealing her judgment of men and events, her plucky way of meeting crises, her uncanny devotion to hard work and, above all, her almost inexhaustible humor—and good humor. A bibliography of works on Miss Szold and on her own numerous and excellent writings is sadly missing.

MR. FINEMAN has been enabled to tell, for the first time in print, the details of a crucial episode in her life. Though she died a spinster, in her middle forties she suffered the throes of an unrequited love for a man thirteen years her junior. The emotional strain brought her to the verge of a breakdown, which in turn led to her first visit to Palestine (1909) and thence, step by step, to the career that crowned her service to humanity. In telling this story of passion and frustration, Mr. Fineman draws upon her unpublished diaries and a lengthy journal in which she wrote down bit by bit what had happened and tried to account for it. But he draws too heavily on the material and stretches out the episode to cover a fifth of his entire book. Its significance is nearly lost in the tedium of detail, and exasperation sets in when the reader discovers that the young professor whose work she was translating and polishing and to whom she lost her heart is never once named. Yet his identity is common knowledge, and only imperfectly concealed by Mr. Fineman's discretion. His account—really Miss Szold's account—raises questions that virtually answer themselves. Could there have been more than one young savant at the Jewish Theological Seminary who wrote a monumental, multivolume work on the legends of the Jews? Could there have been more than one "Legend of the Jews," for the first two volumes of which Henrietta Szold is named as translator? What can it mean that Louis Ginzberg—the author of precisely this work—appears in the index to the present book, while the indicated page, which lists the new talents recruited by the Seminary in 1902, makes no mention of him? The whole affair, while painful, was in no way unsavory; and, considering the chance role it played in determining Miss Szold's later achievements, one

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The Public and the U.N.

SIXTEEN years ago, shortly after the end of the war, we were part of a small group that went to call on President Harry S. Truman. The purpose of the visit was to urge him to propose a review conference of the United Nations to consider the full implications of the advent of nuclear weapons. The San Francisco organizing conference of the United Nations had completed its work two months before the atomic age began. But it might as well have been 200 years; the United Nations was equipped for a world that died on August 6, 1945. Hence the need to bring the U.N. up to date before a nuclear arms race, with all its somber implications, got under way.

President Truman was most responsive. In our notes of that meeting, we find the following:

"The President concurred strongly in the point made that the United Nations needed the responsible authority of world law if it was to be adequate to the problems ahead of it. 'Anyone who has given any thought to the problem must realize that the only answer to world war is world law,' he said. 'But this is an advanced concept, a very advanced concept. And one thing I have to keep in mind is that the President must never get so far out in front of the people that he loses all contact with reality. Look at what happened to Woodrow Wilson. The people were not ready for the great idea of a League of Nations. President Wilson's tragic defeat in that experience is a lesson that will always be remembered in the Presidency.'"

We then turned to somewhat similar notes of a meeting with President Eisenhower in 1959. In the closing pages of his book, "Crusade in Europe," and in several major speeches, the President had referred to the idea of a world organization with the effective powers of world law as the great imperative of the present generation. We asked the President whether he believed the United States should lead the way in a titanic world effort to equip the United Nations with such powers.

Once again the lesson of Woodrow Wilson was invoked. "The President can go only so far," he said. "On questions as fundamental as this one, the people themselves must be ready for the big decisions. That is why men who write or preach or who have access to the public ear in one way or another have such an important job to do in helping to prepare the people. The last thing in the world I want to do is to repeat President Wilson's experience."

President Kennedy just the other day stressed the role of the U.N. in preventing a nuclear holocaust. In conversations with members of Congress and visitors, however, he too has made it clear that he could not take any strong initiative in this direction unless there were clear indications that the American people were ready.

Everything turns, then, on public opinion. According to some commentators, the American people are skeptical about both the performance and promise of the U.N. It is said, indeed, that they have soured on the U.N. as a vehi-

(*Continued on page* 56)

Results of Poll Conducted by Congressman William B. Widnall

	YES	NO	NO OPINION
1. Do you regard the United Nations as the best hope for maintaining world peace?	83.95%	13.55%	2.50%
2. Do you believe that the United Nations has been effective in maintaining a better understanding between nations in the past?	79.01%	16.05%	4.94%
3a. Do you believe that one of the primary objectives of United States foreign policy should be the achievement of worldwide general and complete disarmament under effective international control?	72.50%	21.25%	6.25%
3b. As a means of assuring "effective international control" of any disarmament agreement would you favor the creation of rules of law backed by a world court and enforced by legally controlled international armed force?	77.50%	8.75%	13.75%
4. Do you believe that the purpose of world peace could be achieved through strengthening the United Nations?	81.48%	12.50%	6.02%
5. Do you believe that our Federal form of government, through which fifty sovereign states live together in peace, provides an example of a well-tested system which the peoples of the world might follow by delegating to a strengthened United Nations constitutionally limited powers for enforcement of worldwide disarmament and peaceful settlement of international disputes?	76.58%	8.75%	14.67%
6. Do you believe that the United States should take the lead in proposing measures of this nature in the face of the present attitude of the Soviet Union?	72.84%	12.49%	14.67%

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL

I MUST WRITE to tell you how informative I found Katharine Kuh's article "Must Monuments Be Monumental?" [*SR*, Sept. 2]. Why such a monstrous memorial to FDR should have been foisted upon the American public is more than I can grasp, and had I known about the matter sooner I should have deluged my Senator with mail. One questions whether *any* "great man" should so soon be immortalized in stone.

GEORGE B. JAY.
Boise, Idaho

THANK YOU FOR the article by Katharine Kuh. How ridiculous can we get? The Roosevelt Memorial would be the last thing Mr. Roosevelt would want. I thought Miss Kuh's idea of something permanently beneficial for the children of our country was wonderful.

ARABEL K. RIZOR.
Santa Barbara, Calif.

I WANT TO compliment Miss Kuh for her article on monumentality. It is inconceivable that anyone with the intelligence to merit a monument would want one in the ordinary sense.

HULMIE PATTINSON.
Aylmer, Ontario

I SHOULD LIKE to comment very briefly on Miss Katharine Kuh's article "Must Monuments Be Monumental?" which referred particularly to the winning design by Pederson & Tilney in the competition held under the direction of Congress for a memorial to the late Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Only a few lines of the article are devoted to this design, which is not really discussed except by indirect generalities. And no wonder, for Miss Kuh admits to not having seen it, saying "one can only judge by the photographs." But ever since the design was chosen last January by a jury headed by Pietro Belluschi, dean of the School of Art of MIT, it has been on exhibition for the public to view, first at the Corcoran Gallery of Art, and for the last five months in the office of the National Capital Planning Commission in the Interior Building in Washington. Thus seen, it can be judged not only by the design itself, the models and photographs, but by the lantern slides and moving pictures, which show it against a projected background of the surrounding landscape and the memorials of three great Presidents. The effect is very striking, justifying the favorable reaction that it has received from such experts as Thomas H. Creighton, of *Progressive Architecture* ("a very stirring, a very fitting memorial design"), and José Luis Sert, dean of the graduate School of Design at Harvard ("the winning design is outstanding—the best project of this type I have seen in many years").

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH.
"You fool with it if you want to—I'm going back to the cave."

Miss Kuh does not mention that it is planned to place a statue of the late Franklin Delano Roosevelt at the base of one of the great stalles; that the ground about it will be landscaped and planted; and that the four memorials thus formed will be connected with foot paths that will join them in a park to be used by the people who admired and were proud of these great Presidents.

FRANCIS BIDDLE, Chairman,
Franklin Delano Roosevelt
Memorial Commission.
Washington, D.C.

I BELIEVE THAT Mr. Biddle has misunderstood me. I was not criticizing the FDR Memorial as architecture and therefore do not feel that I needed to study the model in order to pose my question: "Must Monuments Be Monumental?"

When Mr. Biddle states that "the effect is very striking, justifying the favorable reaction it has received," he overlooks those many citizens who do not agree that merely to be striking is to justify favorable reaction. While Thomas H. Creighton and José Luis Sert approve the committee's decision there are a number of equally distinguished authorities who do not.

The addition of a statue (and I sincerely hope by an outstanding sculptor), landscaping, foot paths, and a park could, of course, lead to greater public pleasure. However, this is not the point. It is the conception I question, the idea of another huge, costly monument, ironically dependent on modern technology only because of its size. The great human qualities of FDR seem curiously misrepresented by such false giganticism. As I said in my article, what I hoped was that "we in America might even have pioneered in design, as Roosevelt did in government, to come up with a fresh idea. . . ."

KATHARINE KUH.
New York, N.Y.

ON THE LEVEL

GEORGE STEVENS's editorial attack upon the vertical method of speed reading, and upon the vulgarity of rushing through fine poetry and fine prose quantitatively rather that qualitatively [*SR*, Aug. 26], is not at all unfair. But it does not quite recognize that there are certain well-established methods of speed reading that adhere to horizontal reading (writers, after all, *write* horizontally) and which advocate the careful, and even the oral, reading of fine poetry and fine prose. With speed reading now becoming a fad, there are bound to arise questionable approaches to it, but for a long time there have been approaches developed at Harvard, Michigan State, and other schools which are sensible, unpretentious, and on the whole worthwhile.

RANALD B. MORGAN.
Washington, D.C.

IF GEORGE STEVENS had taken one of the well-known courses in rapid reading and digested its philosophy, he would have understood its concepts, intent, purpose, and technique.

When I started a rapid reading course I read at 270 words per minute. I have trebled my speed, I read more, understand more, and enjoy literature more. What is so ridiculous about that?

FREDERICK VASTINE, D.D.S.
Reading, Pa.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Strictly for Pleasure

THERE is an idea around that a movie critic is a man who dislikes pictures so much he has to be paid to see one. Since some of my best friends are critics, I can state unequivocally that this is not necessarily the case. What they dislike is to see a medium with the potential of film squandered on reel after reel of balderdash, sensationalism, and sleaze. Like the critics of any art form, they have a special awareness of what can be done—and know a deeper chagrin than most patrons when it isn't. Actually, nothing is more pleasurable to them than to find a picture that comes reasonably close, if not to their standards of film art, then at least to their requirements for movie entertainment. It provides an opportunity to take stock, to reassess—and to enjoy.

Such a picture, for me, is "**Breakfast at Tiffany's**," slickly adapted by George Axelrod from the Truman Capote novella, brightly directed by Blake Edwards, and handsomely photographed in Technicolor by Franz Planer. In fact, for once I find myself tempted to go on reproducing the entire sheet of credits, with an admiring adjective for just about everyone involved, so skilfully and professionally has each contributed his mite. The sets, whether reflecting the good taste or the bad taste of the characters who inhabit them, infallibly hit just the right note. The wardrobes, supplied by Givenchy for Audrey Hepburn, by Trigere for Patricia Neal, are guaranteed to make any woman reach for her husband's checkbook—and certainly any husband who could be guaranteed that his wife would come off looking like either of these splendid ladies would surrender his checkbook gladly. "Breakfast at Tiffany's" is like an entire year of *Vogue* come to life, springing along to the sophisticated music of Henry Mancini.

For all this, the film's major delight comes from the inspired, off-beat casting of Audrey Hepburn as Capote's amoral, vanilla-haired Holly Golightly. Whether demanding powder-room money from a gentleman escort, sipping a drink in the most hilarious version of a New York cocktail party ever put on the screen, or taking a Crackerjack ring to Tiffany's for engraving, she creates an aura of belief without which this film would immediately disintegrate. Scarcely less effective, or stunning, is Patricia Neal in a role invented for the occasion, the "literary sponsor" of Holly's harried biographer, George Peppard. Martin Balsam's contribution as a Hollywood agent is enormously appealing.

Let others worry whether a love affair between a kept man and a call girl can—or should—end happily. Let those who are so minded object to the picture's contrived and too-pat ending and then consider what Capote's own implied finale would have looked like on the screen. Blake Edwards and his talented crew have touched a tawdry romance with true glamour, and they held me unprotesting in that glamour world for two delightful hours.

I'm afraid I have far less to say in favor of "**Town Without Pity**," a picture that takes itself, and life, far more seriously than "Breakfast at Tiffany's," but goes about it in a singularly flat and heavy-handed way. Produced and directed by Gottfried Reinhardt, adapted from a new novel by Manfred Gregor, it recounts the brutal rape of a German teen-ager by four G.I's in our Occupation Army. Their trial is the center of the film, with side-glances at the developing animosity in the town, first toward the defendants, ultimately toward the defense attorney. Unquestionably, there is strong meat here, material that could be at once revealing and rewarding. Every side-glance, however, leads us not to revelation, but to recognition. The harsh, authoritarian German father, the weak mother, the quizzical reporter (female, this time) who is sure that the Army intends to cover for its men, the mean-spirited and heartless townsfolk—we have met them all any number of times in any number of movies.

What remains, then, is merely the dubious pleasure of watching a grim-jawed Kirk Douglas engage in the familiar pyrotechnics of courtroom cross-examination, parried by an equally grim E. G. Marshall, attorney for the prosecution. Christina Kaufmann, blonde and willowy, provides some moments of real emotion that suggest the actress to come. But Dimitri Tiomkin's blatant score, which sets rock-and-roll ricocheting through the streets of the quiet German town where the movie was made, manages unfailingly to inject Hollywood into the scene whenever it is heard—and his theme song just isn't to be believed. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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in TECHNICOLOR
ON THE GREAT STAGE
"ODE TO MUSIC"—Lavish, melodious spectacle, produced by Russell Markert, featuring famed Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, guest artists, specialty acts, Symphony Orchestra, directed by Raymond Paige, and Grand Organ.

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Beauties and Badmen

By CYNTHIA GRENIER

VENICE, ITALY.

BY VIRTUE of presenting and crowning two of the decade's most exciting examples of masterful film-making, the twelfth Venice Film Festival, just concluded, earned itself a nice little niche in movie history.

Fittingly enough, the two prize-winning films hail from Japan and France, two countries whose contributions to world cinema already stand high. Fitting, too, is the fact that the films are directed by two of the finest talents in the movie business today: Aikra Kurosawa ("Rashomon" and "Ikuru") and Alain Resnais ("Night and Fog" and "Hiroshima Mon Amour"). "Yojimbo" and "Last Year at Marienbad" are nearly perfect examples of two directions in movie-making today, and, as such, are utterly different one from the other. About the only quality shared by both is a marvelous and total mastery of the visual medium.

Despite its Eastern origins, "Yojimbo" is unquestionably the greatest Western ever made. It is shot with a glorious brio that caused the demanding Venice audience to burst out in repeated rounds of applause throughout the two-hour-long screening. As for the story line, just about any school-age viewer of "Gunsmoke" could predict the plot turns from the moment free-lance samurai Toshiro Mifune strides into town until, all wrongs righted, he finally exits in the swirl of a dust storm. But what director Kurosawa and actor Mifune do with a tale of classic simplicity is scarcely believable. The originality and ease of the camerawork are breathtaking, without ever for a moment appearing forced or arty. Mifune (the bandit from "Rashomon"), who won the Volpi Cup for the best male performance hands down, plays with tremendous authority, a controlled cruelty, and an engaging wit.

In addition to moments of extraordinary beauty, the film has some fine little shockers. The first sight samurai Mifune sees on arriving in the deserted town, for example, is a friendly little dog trotting briskly along with a bloodily dripping human hand in its mouth. The yelps of female protest at this scene must have carried clear across the lagoon to Venice. One terrifying scene, in which the hero is mercilessly battered about by an Oriental Jack Palance type, brought cries of "*basta*" from the spectators, and can pretty much count on comparable reactions from censors everywhere.

Scene from Kurosawa's "Yojimbo"—out of the East, a great Western.

The festival's top prize, the Golden Lion of Saint Mark, went to France's "Last Year at Marienbad," which unlike "Yojimbo" could hardly be termed a simple film. As a matter of fact, it is probably the most difficult—at first impact—motion picture made to date. And one of the most important. Actually, to anyone at all acquainted with contemporary literature of the likes of Messrs. Joyce and Beckett, "Marienbad" becomes relatively clear.

Scripted by that distinguished advocate of the New Novel in France, Alain Robbe-Grillet, "Marienbad" opens with a beautifully shot exploration of the corridors of a Mad Ludwig castle in Bavaria, with a repeated invocation of its desolate, baroque splendor. Having hooked the spectator into acceptance of the palace, which has the strange half-reality of a dream, Resnais begins to people this world. We have the narrator, who tells a coolly beautiful young woman dressed in a Chanel gown that they had met and loved last year in Marienbad—or was it Frederichsbad? She denies ever having seen him before. And from there the film twists and leaps forward and back, multiplying and altering details, reshaping and reviewing events, until finally, convinced of his love, the young woman leaves the desolate palace with the narrator.

The baroque palace, referred to as a hotel in the film, could easily be a luxurious clinic or even a suite of elegant antechambers in Hell where people serve out eternity in eternal boredom. Director Resnais, a calmly handsome young man with the air of a talented surgeon or a dedicated priest, when asked what he had had in mind, smiled and said he and Robbe-Grillet had intended the film to deal simply with the relations among three people, the components of the traditional triangle, but that upon finishing the scenario they had realized that their story could be interpreted as representing a kind of Hell, although that certainly had not been their conscious intention. Whatever the intention, conscious or unconscious, the work is indeed capable of interpretation on several levels of meaning with almost equal success.

The fact that a film like "Marienbad" found producers—it is a costly production, no New Wave quickie this one—found a jury to crown it with one of filmdom's most cherished awards, and found 2,000 members of the public to cheer its award is a very exciting testimonial that the motion picture is a medium of much greater complexity and possibility than most of us ever imagined. Even more important, "Marienbad" means for the future more courageous producers and more exciting movies. (Curiously enough, however, director Resnais himself wistfully declares he'd give just about anything to have made "La Dolce Vita.")

Apart from the two giants and a large number of first-rate films in the Information (or noncompetition) part of the festival, the principal entries seemed determined to prove the virtual eclipse of many a once mighty film talent. Two long-time, all-powerful Italian directors—Vittorio de Sica and Roberto Rosselini—whom Italians were hopefully counting upon to clean up on the prize side, come a cropper with embarrassing decisiveness.

Rosselini's Technicolor treatment of a Stendhal short story, "Vanina Vanini," about the love of a Roman princess and a young Carbonaro (quaintly translated as "a charcoal burner" in the English language handouts) produced guffaws and snickers from the audience, and, unhappily, rather deserved them.

De Sica's "Last Judgment," which jury and public alike were sure from

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the beginning was destined to cop the Golden Lion, came as a far greater shock. With just about every first-rate Italian star in the cast plus Fernandel, Jimmy Durante, Melina Mercouri, and Ernest Borginine, with a script by Cesare Zavattini, with a great story idea (how people react when a voice announces from the clouds that "Last Judgment will be at six o'clock today"), De Sica nonetheless committed the unpardonable cinema sin by presenting the public with an utter bore. The fanciest-dressed, standing-room-only audience of the whole festival hardly bothered to clap at the end. People simply looked reproachfully at De Sica, seated in the box of honor, and silently filed out.

The one other disappointment came from Poland's talented young Andrzej Wajda, who had made such an impact with "Kanal" and "Ashes and Diamonds." His new film, "Samson," is fashioned with a rare beauty and intelligence, and his actors are almost flawless.

But the film is a failure, for the strangest of reasons. "Samson" is the story of a young Jew who inadvertently escapes from the Warsaw ghetto, lives for a year in a cellar in constant fear, dies by bringing a factory down about the ears of German soldiers. The only trouble is the young Jew is shown as utterly humble and fearful. Although Wajda claims to be presenting a sympathetic picture of the Jew to offset any waves of anti-Semitism, he unfortunately simply offers up a stereotype dear to any anti-Semite. The character completely lacks the dignity, the last-ditch stubborn pride that marked every Jewish ghetto face in the German newsreel shots shown in "Mein Kampf." Had Wajda given his this dignity, he would also have created a dramatic tension, and might have found that he had made a great film.

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TV AND RADIO

Friendly Integrity

I HAD often heard it rumored that certain programs in the "CBS Reports" television film series, once shot and in the can, had been shelved because they were judged by management to be "too hot." I asked Fred W. Friendly, the producer of the series (who solos for the first time this coming season without his former co-producer, Edward R. Murrow), if the rumor were true. "No," said Mr. Friendly; and then he went on to tell me about the only time a "CBS Reports" program was prepared and not shown on the network—not, however, because it was too controversial. The John Birch Society was the subject of the projected program. Fifty to sixty thousand feet of film had been shot in Santa Barbara, California, a wealthy community with a large proportion of retired citizens. The group had members there. Santa Barbara has a branch of the University of California. The city also has a local newspaper published by a colorful figure who voted for President McKinley and has taken a stand in opposition to the Birchites.

Fred Friendly thought that the impact of the ultra-right political organization on the nation could be accurately reported by a show in Santa Barbara which delineated the interaction of its members, the students at the university, and the newspaper publisher. The producer could not arrange to shoot film of an actual meeting. The group refused to cooperate in this except on its own terms and these were not acceptable to the network. Mr. Friendly did have three hours of voice tape of an actual meeting of the group, given to him by a "quasi-official government agency." Seven or eight minutes of this tape, said the producer, with the camera showing the D.A. listening to it, would have made a case against the Society. No problems of libel were involved. Associates of the producer urged him to use the tape. He refused and the entire program was cancelled. A major reason given by the producer is the fact that the tape had been "bugged"—made without the knowledge or consent of the Birch Society.

The CBS documentarian said that his conscience didn't let him use the questionable tape. "To use bugged tape at this stage of the program's history, after all it has stood for," he continued, "would have diminished the end by the means." This decision is interesting in view of an opinion he holds about television documentaries generally. "Good journalism," he maintains, "is no longer enough. What we must strive for is involvement. Democracy is no spectator sport. We watch everything from the sidelines—baseball, sex. We haven't figured out a way of involving people in controversy."

Mr. Friendly feels that among the many programs he has produced, he has successfully created involvement only in three—"The Population Explosion," a program on Senator McCarthy, and during five or six minutes of "The Polaris," which dramatically showed test missiles being fired from the nuclear submarine. Involvement, esthetic or political, is produced by empathy, identification, clearly understood situations. The successes cited by the producer had these elements obviously. It is difficult to engage them in more abstract subjects handled by "CBS Reports." No doubt there would have been involvement in the John Birch Society program, if it had been presented on the air. Heroes and villains abound, along with strong emotions. Stakes are concrete, clear, immediate. In 1947, the Commission on Freedom of the Press listed five ideal requirements for a responsible press (including broadcasting). One of them was "the presentation and clarification of the goals and values of the society."

PERHAPS Mr. Friendly met this requirement more admirably by cancelling the show and sacrificing involvement (at the cost of bugged tapes) than he might have met it by putting the show on the air. The dilemma of ends and means is usually resolved by postulating a good end that justifies bad means. To illuminate the nature of the John Birch Society is a good end, I would think. Who will not agree that this end would have been poorly served by overriding the democratic prejudice toward fair play and using the tapes anyway? Judge Learned Hand, in his widely quoted address, "A Plea for the Open Mind and Free Discussion," made this appropriate comment: "Risk for risk, for myself I had rather take my chance that some . . . will escape detection than spread abroad a spirit of general suspicion and distrust, which accepts rumor and gossip in place of undismayed and unintimidated inquiry."

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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Reconstruction to Renaissance

"The Emerging South," by Thomas D. Clark *(Oxford University Press. 286 pp. $6), surveys an area still in transition from the agrarianism and isolated provincialism of the past. George B. Tindall, associate professor of history at the University of North Carolina, is currently working on a study of the South from 1913 to 1946.*

By George B. Tindall

THIS foray into the virgin territory of recent Southern history is not precisely what the reader might infer from the jacket: a history of the South since 1920. The author himself correctly denies that it is either an orthodox or definitive history. It is, rather, an effort to grasp the mercurial image of a people in the process of change, an impressionistic collage of the present South drawn out of extensive reading and travel, a picture set in historical perspective.

It does for the South of today something similar to what Virginius Dabney did nineteen years ago in his "Below the Potomac." And the central theme is much the same, the theme of change, of continuing emergence from one-crop agriculture and isolated provincialism.

> I have gone through the new factories [the author writes], I have seen the lights come on in humble homes where previously nothing stronger than a smoky kerosene lamp had burned . . . towns and country villages change their personalities within a decade . . . people who now enjoy good health where their parents were parasite- and malaria-ridden . . . people red in the face with anger at both the changing times and the Supreme Court.

Professor Clark, chairman of the Department of History at the University of Kentucky and proprietor of a South Carolina farm, personally betrays a basic Southern ambivalence: involvement with change together with a persistently lingering agrarianism. A good third of the book, beginning with a nostalgic visit to his native community in Mississippi, deals with the changing face of the land. The genesis of agricultural decline and revolution he dates from the soaring postwar prosperity of 1919 and the sudden disastrous collapse of 1920, and traces in some detail through the westward migration of cotton, its alteration into a "mechanized and dehumanized" business, the development of new seeds and market research, the transformation of the land through fertilizers, conservation, rural electrification, and community improvement programs, and the rise of a diversified commercial agriculture featuring livestock, poultry, and food crops.

In the light of its growing importance and the change it has wrought, industrialization is given a disproportionately smaller amount of attention, centering upon pulpwood paper, textiles, and chemicals, together with a survey of state programs for attracting industry. Chapters on the good-roads movement and the corollary development of tourism into a major industry carry the picture of economic development to about the middle of the book.

Most of the remainder, after a chapter on "The Great Crusade" for Southern education, is given to a treatment of race relations, in which the author makes perhaps his most original contribution by surveying the recrudescence of Southern racism since 1954. (The bibliography includes a useful guide to the fugitive segregationist literature.) Professor Clark himself emerges as that indefinable creature, the Southern "moderate." The South, he concludes, "can ill afford . . . to waste its emotional energies and . . . its precious resources on the negative approaches used since 1954 . . .," but he holds out reassurance to his more apprehensive compatriots with evidence that integration even in the border states has been largely token and that Negro political domination would be statistically impossible outside a few "black belt" counties.

ONE chapter treats the crusades against hookworm, malaria, and pellagra, and the rise of the public health movement, and another the paradoxical persistence of fundamentalism in religion together with the rise of institutional churches and social consciousness. Politics, the renaissance of Southern literature, and other general cultural developments are not mentioned at all, except incidentally. The chief burden of the book is economic change and race relations. One thing clearly apparent from the picture drawn in this book is that the process of change has moved well beyond the point of no return and that the image of the South can never again be forced back into the older molds.

It is unfortunate that so useful a survey of the contemporary Southern scene should be marred by an excessive number of minor errors and misspellings that could have been prevented by more careful attention to detail. It is to be hoped that they will be eliminated before a second printing.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

IMMORTAL ORPHEUS

Since the Orpheus legend is the perfect example of the power of music, composers and poets have turned to it time and again for inspiration. Nan Cooke Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, lists here a dozen settings of the story and asks you to match properly titles and creators. Answers on page 32.

1. "Black Orpheus" (film)	( ) Anonymous
2. "Euridice" (opera)	( ) Hector Berlioz
3. "Eurydice to Orpheus" (poem)	( ) Robert Browning
4. "La Mort d'Orphée" (cantata)	( ) Marcel Camus
5. "Orfeo" (opera)	( ) C. W. von Gluck
6. "Orfeo ed Euridice" (opera)	( ) Robert Henryson
7. "Orpheus" (ballet suite)	( ) Claudio Monteverdi
8. "Orpheus and Eurydice" (poem, rime royal)	( ) Jacques Offenbach
9. "Orpheus Descending" (play)	( ) Jacques Offenbach
10. "Orpheus in America" (diary)	( ) Jacopo Peri
11. "Orpheus in Hades" (opera)	( ) Igor Stravinsky
12. "Sir Orfeo" (medieval romance)	( ) Tennessee Williams

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Recess from Battle

"The Wartime Papers of R. E. Lee," edited by Clifford Dowdey and Louis H. Manarin *(Little, Brown. 939 pp. $12.50), presents official dispatches side by side with intimate family letters written from the battlefront. Virginius Dabney, editor of the Richmond Times-Dispatch, is author of "Below the Potomac."*

By Virginius Dabney

THERE have been countless books on Robert E. Lee, the South's stainless leader in the Civil War; but none offers a clearer or more moving image of the man than this collection of his wartime papers. Many of these documents have never been published before, especially the letters to his wife and children. From some 6,000 items of all kinds—letters, telegrams, and official reports—Messrs. Dowdey and Manarin have selected 1,006. They have done the job with great skill.

Mr. Dowdey, whose able and authoritative books on the conflict of the 1860s have given him a place in the top rank of its chroniclers and interpreters, provides a short but vivid narrative at the opening of each of the seventeen periods into which the war has been divided. This puts the papers in perspective and orients the reader effectively.

Lee's dignified letter of resignation from the United States Army on April 20, 1861, opens the collection. It is addressed to General Winfield Scott, commander in chief, who termed Lee "the very best soldier I ever saw in the field," and who wanted him to lead the Northern armies in their approaching invasion of the South.

Lee, then a cavalry colonel, resigned rather than accept this assignment. He was fifty-four years old, with four unmarried daughters, three sons, and a semi-invalid wife—plus the great estate Arlington, to which he was devoted, and which he gave up, along with most of his other material possessions, when the war began. As the bugles sounded on the other side of the Potomac, Lee accepted the command of Virginia's forces and set about the staggering task of organizing for defense.

However, it is the letters to his wife and children in this volume that cause it to stand out as one of the more remarkable books of our time. The official dispatches and communiqués of one sort or another to President Jefferson Davis, Generals "Stonewall" Jackson, J. E. B. Stuart, *et al.*, are both significant and interesting, but the never-before-published private letters to his family are what give this work real fascination and deep significance.

Written under all sorts of circumstances, and under serious difficulties, sometimes on the eve of his greatest battles, these warm, intimate communications from Lee to his wife and children are immensely revealing. His constant concern for their welfare, his genuine humility and modesty, his calm in the face of danger, and his unaffected piety—all are clearly shown.

Lee is always affectionate in his letters to his wife, Mary, a chronic sufferer from arthritis. However, one can see that he experienced some difficulty in restraining himself when she chided him for not writing more frequently. For example, some six weeks before Gettysburg, Lee wrote her:

> I received yesterday your letter of the 21st with the socks & am much obliged to you for their reparation. I see though you are relapsing into your old error, supposing that I have a superabundance of time & have only my own pleasures to attend to. . . . My attention is entirely engrossed in public business. I am unable therefore even to write you, though my thoughts are always with you. You must not therefore be always expecting letters from me. . . .

The foregoing affords us a glimpse of a domestic and extremely human interlude as Lee was approaching one of the epochal moments of his military career.

His reference to socks is one of many in his letters to Mary. She was constantly sending him dozens of pairs for distribution to the army. Frequently she miscounted the number in the package, and her husband joshed her good-naturedly for her inability to count them correctly. There are also numerous references to the drawers she sent him from time to time for his own use—flannel in winter and cotton in summer.

Lee needed proper clothing, for he had an attack of what is believed to have been acute pericarditis in April 1863, shortly before the battle of Chancellorsville. He never recovered fully from this inflammation of the sac that encloses the heart. He was in great pain at times thereafter, and even offered his resignation to President Davis. Yet his strategy and tactics were never more brilliant, and he won some of his greatest victories while in this weakened condition.

—From "The American Civil War," by Earl Schenck Miers."

R. E. Lee—his wife sent socks.

His determination to free all his slaves was discussed in several of his family letters, notably in December 1862, shortly before the battle of Fredericksburg. Like other top Confederate generals, he was opposed to human servitude, and nothing is more absurd than to say, as is sometimes done, that he was "fighting to preserve slavery."

The final letter in this handsome and scholarly volume, issued under the sponsorship of the Virginia Civil War Commission, is dated April 20, 1865. In it Lee told President Davis why he had found it necessary to surrender his starving, ragged, and largely shoeless army at Appomattox. He closed his letter characteristically by urging that there be no continuation of the conflict by partisans, and that "measures be taken for suspension of hostilities and the restoration of peace."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 12, 4, 3, 1, 6, 8, 5, 10, 11, 2, 7, 9.

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Personal History

Continued from page 25

can say with the ancient Talmudic rabbi: "This too was for the good."

Though she wrote it in the dark days of 1939, dark for the world as well as the Jews, she remained throughout her years consistently true to her creed, which "demands that I shall keep on steadily with the work that life has entrusted to me and do it to the best of my ability. The sorrier the time, the more poignant the anguish, the keener the need, the greater the challenge to wrestle with fate."

He Led Three Lives

"Paul Claudel: The Man and the Mystic," by Louis Chaigne, *translated by Pierre de Fontnouvelle (Appleton-Century-Crofts. 277 pp. $4.95), emphasizes the decisive influence of Catholicism on the life of a distinguished playwright, poet, and diplomat. Laurent LeSage is professor of French literature at Pennsylvania State University.*

By Laurent LeSage

ALTHOUGH there are many studies devoted to France's great playwright and poet, this is the first biography. By a remarkably prompt translation (perhaps too prompt, for there are a number of printer's errors and the English is sometimes peculiar) American readers will know it only a few months after the French. The title indicates the angle of approach; one cannot expect to find much analysis or appreciation of Claudel's literary art. Perhaps rather than "Man and Mystic," though, the title should read simply "Paul Claudel the Catholic," for that is essentially the subject of this pious work written by one of Claudel's most fervent disciples.

Not that Louis Chaigne does not give us a full biography. With the information acquired from thirty years of study, he presents a detailed account of Claudel's life from infancy to the grave. We see the sullen and secretive boy growing up in a home atmosphere of constant bickering, the student who heard Renan at graduation exercises foretell that one among his youthful audience would someday publicly curse him, the career diplomat who was also a poet, writing odes in the morning and commercial reports in the afternoon. Before his retirement in 1935, Claudel had represented his country in many parts of the world and often at critical moments of history—China at the end of the Manchu dynasty, Germany on the eve of World War I, Japan during the 1923 earthquake. As ambassador to the United States, he was active in negotiating the Briand-Kellogg Pact.

Claudel's unbanal public life paralleled a private life of even greater interest, and M. Chaigne sets before us its main events—the tragic love of his life, his family sorrows, his marriage, his friendships, and his enmities—but all from a religious point of view.

Chaigne is doubtless right in putting the emphasis on religion. Claudel himself placed his faith above all else; in fact, he was never quite sure that he had not missed his real vocation. Ever after his illumination on Christmas Day 1886, in Notre Dame Cathedral, Paul Claudel longed for the cloister.

But if we cannot justifiably reproach Chaigne for subordinating all else to Claudel's spiritual career, we may personally regret that the first biography is not an objective account but a passionate eulogy and a work of religious edification. Utterances such as that Claudel was "predestined" or "designated by God," references to "Divine Grace presiding over his destiny," make this book read like a hagiography. Moreover, Chaigne's discreet and reverent hand shields from our gaze corners that we might like to explore. One could wish to read a less veiled account of the romantic affair that was the inspiration of "Le Partage de Midi" and learn more about this married woman who eventually renounced her love "so as not to stand between Claudel and God." Chaigne does not tell us half enough about other women close to Claudel: his wife, his mother, and his sisters, particularly Camille, who must have been one of the great secret forces in Claudel's life—the talented and temperamental older sister, militantly anticlerical, who became Rodin's pupil and mistress, went mad when he married someone else, and lived out the rest of her long and tragic life in an asylum. It is possible that the testimony of these women might require a portraitist to add a less saintly pigment to his paints. If these are just evil suspicions, let us say at least that a gayer and sprightlier palette than Chaigne's is needed to do justice to the Claudel who once traded an introduction for a case of choice wine, who could not bring himself to reread Racine until he had already occupied Racine's chair in the French Academy for ten years, and who, enchanted to find that an American town he was passing through was called Sodom, stopped to send a postcard to André Gide!

Criminal Record

NIGHT OF THE KILL. *By Brèni James. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Death of ancient Spanish-American gives Sgt. Gunnar Matson, good San Francisco beat-cop, several involved moments. Police job has nice dashes of humor; an auspicious kickoff for a newcomer.

THE DRILL IS DEATH. *By Frances and Richard Lockridge. Lippincott.* $2.95. English poet, in New York as visiting prof, finds girl's corpse in cab, is kidnaped, and altogether has hell of a time on first (and last?) trip to Yankeeland. Rather uneven for this duo, but a plausible puzzler.

THE GIRL WITH THE LEOPARD-SKIN BAG. *By Jeremy York. Scribners.* $2.95. Pair of English rascals, returning from U.S., plot destruction of female compatriot who knows too much, but mistaken identity knocks plans awry. Orthodox jane-in-jam job.

A VERY WELCOME DEATH. *By D. L. Mathews. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.50. Chicago police officer, vacationing in rural home town, is created deputy sheriff to solve death of undesirable female with serpent's tongue; suspects are superabundant. Pace varies.

SPARE TIME FOR MURDER. *By John Gale. Macmillan.* $3.50. British naval officer helps Scotland Yard solve dire doings near mystery laboratory; violent deaths occur. Has some nice sharp twists.

EVIL GENIUS. *By George Bagby. Crime Club.* $2.95. Baby-sitting chick tizzies when boy friend takes lead in head; Inspector Schmidt of Manhattan believes her yarn and gets down to work. Good detection, good humor.

DEAD MAN RUNNING. *By John Blackburn. Mill-Morrow.* $3.50. English manufacturer, seeking customers in Russia, is told Yard wants him for wife murder; flees home, finds real killer after harrowing chase. Completely incredible.

THE PROTECTOR. *By Larry M. Harris. Random House.* $2.95. New York man seeks wife's rapist without benefit of police; climax involves chase into New Jersey. Highly emotional, with good pace.

TO MARKET, TO MARKET. *By Allen Richards. Macmillan.* $3.50. Corpse in model bedroom in Manhattan department store flusters management and

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hired hands; buyer Joe Michaels plays amateur sleuth. Grade A merchandise.

HANNO'S DOLL. *By Evelyn Piper. Atheneum.* $3.50. Austrian actor-director, teaching in Connecticut college, fears he has committed manslaughter; campus cop looks into things. Strong on atmosphere, with numerous flashbacks.

THE WORM OF DEATH. *By Nicholas Blake. Harper.* $3.95. Nigel Strangeways, posh London peeper, teams with erudite Chief Inspector Wright to solve slaughter of big-time medico; second murder supervenes. Good Q&A; high-IQ job.

BODIES AND SOULS. *Edited by Dan Herr and Joel Wells. Crime Club.* $3.95. Fourteen tales, largely criminous, each with Catholic setting, mood, detective, or author, by Chesterton, Christie, Kantor, Shane Leslie, Rufus King, a Redemptionist priest, others. A highly varied and ingenious assemblage.

MOMENT OF VIOLENCE. *By George Harmon Coxe. Knopf.* $2.95. Unscrupulous Yank's death in Barbados gives New York lawyer lively moments; good local cops quiz half-dozen suspects. Fine sense of authenticity and telling action.

SILENCE OBSERVED. *By Michael Innes. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. Sir John Appleby, Yard VIP, tackles case involving discovery and disappearance of unknown Rembrandt; bullets drop two. Good show for the cognoscenti.

THE MURDERERS. *By Fredric Brown. Dutton.* $2.95. Hollywood bit-actor and adulterous dame plan Aegisthus-Clytemnestra job; beatnik types abound. Highly amative.

ERROR OF JUDGMENT. *By George Harmon Coxe. Knopf.* $2.95. Jack Casey, ace Boston press cameraman, turns shamus when old pal takes lethal lead; second slaughter cancels lawyer. Nice going, with crash finish.

THE BULLET-PROOF MARTYR. *By James A. Howard. Dutton.* $2.95. Cop-killing in downstate Illinois makes führer-type's aide suspicious; Biblical slaughter is recalled. Manageable cast makes for fluent reading.

THE PAPERS OF ANDREW MELMOTH. *By Hugh Sykes Davies. Morrow.* $3.50. English scientist's work with rats leads to inevitable dénouement in this tract for the times. No crime, but a skilfully-knit suspense tale of quiet horror.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

Industry & Government

Continued from page 15

device in the economic recovery of Western Europe was the combination of government and corporations together directing all their efforts toward building up a European Common Market. This success supplies the Atlantic Community with a model and a direction.

I would summarize my suggestions for an approach to establishing a long-term political international trade program as follows:

1. Modern business corporations can only be brought effectively in line with the public interest if the government (agencies and legislature) operates under a clear definition of "public interest." In the field of corporate activities abroad the President of the United States and the Congress should define that public interest as quickly as possible. Each agency involved in the control of corporations must base its decisions on the statement of policy. The Congress should exercise the greatest self-restraint in enacting any statute, bill, or regulation inconsistent with the policy. It should not interfere in the general principles of international trade anytime it thinks certain domestic interests are jeopardized, but if interference inconsistent with the welfare of underdeveloped nations becomes truly necessary, the Congress should compensate these countries for losses of trade resulting from our interference.

2. The international trade activities of corporations and of government should be completely separated so that business enterprises may have the opportunity to act in accordance with their business interests as well as with the public interest. Present governmental activities in underdeveloped territories (outside of military aid) should be curtailed as quickly as possible, and new devices should be found for governmental guarantees. A ratio of governmental guarantees to private risk in these territories should be fixed in such a way as to further the aim of relegating all governmental action to the field of military and other non-economic help.

3. American corporations doing business abroad, directly or indirectly, are bound to obey principles of American law wherever they are. Administrative agencies and eventually courts should be given the power to force any corporation to remain in line with the announced policies. As a beginning, the Federal Trade Commission should be authorized to investigate the current business methods of American corporations in the different foreign countries, and on the basis of this investigation corporations should be ordered to cease and desist from any practices that might occasion future complaints in Latin America or other countries.

4. The government should be asked to re-examine its official attitude on the rules of international law concerning the legality of nationalization of foreign enterprises. The possibility of a rule that would give assurances sufficient both to American corporations and to underdeveloped countries should be explored. There should be an international tribunal to examine the fairness of agreements between American and foreign corporations or governments. It should be considered unfair if local interests are not permitted to take over a foreign enterprise after a certain period of years provided fair compensation is guaranteed.

5. We should examine how far American and foreign (especially Western European and Japanese) corporations might be able to go in building up joint programs for underdeveloped territories, provided that the programs stay within the limits of American anti-trust legislation and conform to the policy set by the President. Private bond issues should again become an important device for financing long-term investments in the world's new countries.

6. American and European governmental and private institutions should study jointly the channels between the United States and Europe that now exist, the effect of the present trend of investment between the United States and Europe, and the prospects for the development of an American-European Common Market. Those who have envisaged the Common European Market have set clear goals for it. Each European corporation and each government agency know what the aim is and what the end should be; they know by what standards each act has to be evaluated. Even if Europe never accomplishes political unification, the trend started by the Common Market has been most effective in the dynamic development of Europe. Although the immediate development of the Common Market may be slow, the trend remains potent.

The United States has no such trend. Until it does, it will have no chance of setting up an effective policy of cooperation between government and corporations.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

From Theatre Street to Broadway

OF THE major ballet companies that have passed through New York in recent years, the latest is in several ways among the lesser. It is Basic English that a sequence of three or more should require a "least" rather than a "lesser," but it is equally plain that the newest arrivals from the Kirov Theatre of Leningrad are in a second, separate grouping from the top category shared by their fellow nationals of the Bolshoi of Moscow and by the Royal Ballet of London.

This is less a matter of individual skills (which are uniformly high) or of physical attractiveness (the company is a paragon for the uncommon beauty of corps as well as principals), more a matter of a certain lack of edge, of tone, of the compulsive audience appeal that makes the footlights a bridge rather than a barrier. This is a judgment based on the two bills that shared the first week—a full-length "Swan Lake" and a miscellaneous program—performed in an airless Metropolitan Opera House under climatic conditions that made mere breathing an exertion, and dancing an ordeal. But a second viewing when the temperature had moderated and a seasonal norm prevailed made for a quantitative rather than a qualitative change.

Much has been said of the derivation of this company from its historic forebears of the Maryinsky Theatre when Leningrad was not yet Petrograd, the Tchaikovsky-Petipa ballets were being born, and the seminal forces that erupted in Paris about 1910 under Diaghilev's direction were gathering. Curiously enough, for a company that derives from the very soil which Tamara Karsavina immortalized under the name of "Theatre Street," theatre is one of the elements of lesser stress, inferior to three or four others.

But, as four walls do not a prison make, neither do walls, however traditional, make a living, breathing entity of a collection of dancers, even the finest. Some of the performers who made the strongest impression during the earlier visits of the year to London and Paris were left home this time, and others have been assigned in their places. Perhaps they are every bit as good in technical qualifications, but this kind of placement and replacement hardly makes for the most cohesive ensemble. Save for such a singular exception as the blondly brilliant Alla Sizova, the principals of the two first productions tended more to general identity with the highly developed company style, with its springy back, high leg placement, and distinctive use of the hands, than to an individual projection of it.

There are circumstances in which such a wealth of individual talent might find a common personality that would transcend a need for individualized impact. Such a choreographer, for example, as George Balanchine could compose marvelous things for an instrument of such even temperament (and high pitch) as this Kirov company. In such case, of course, it would be a Balanchine company performing the conceptions he created for it. But in fitting themselves into the classical patterns created by Petipa and Ivanov for "Swan Lake" (as revised by Konstantin Sergeyev), neither the Odette-Odile of the first evening, Inna Zubkovskaya, nor the later Kaleria Fedicheva created much illusion of one character or the other. Each seemed more concerned with a fastidious enactment of the company's lyric style than with the dramatic detail of the role with which she was concerned.

To a degree, this was inherent in the kind of "Swan Lake" presented by the company in this touring version. It is almost wholly lacking in mime (which is out of fashion in the Soviet Union), which is to say in storytelling values. The concentration, rather, is on dance sequence after dance sequence, with fine details of execution—and there were no lack of them in the *pas de trois* of "friends" danced by Sizova, Natalia Makarova, and Yuri Soloviev, or in the ensemble of swans, or cygnets—taking the place of character development or projection of personality. Doubtless this has its appeal for the sophisticated audience for which it performs at home, but the more general kind of viewer represented in the American audience will, reasonably, look for more. I speak, in the first instance, naturally for myself.

As with the generality of Russian companies, the male complement is of a uniform facility and strength much above anything known to groups in other lands. In this Kirov company—which strikes the eye as younger, on the whole, than its predecessor from the Bolshoi—it showed itself more in the spins and leaps of the solos in the first miscellaneous programs than in the playing by Vladilen Semenov of Prince Siegfried in "Swan Lake" or, even, in the busy bounding of Alexander Pavlovsky as the jester which the Russians like to make much of in "Swan Lake" (doubtless to relieve its otherwise somber mood). No special dancing distinction was conveyed in the divertissements of the third-act "court" scene (Italian, Spanish, Hungarian, Polish). The scene itself was dowdily provincial, as was the costuming throughout.

For content, the first miscellaneous program looked to such matters from the balletic past as a segment of Petipa's "Bayaderka" (to Minkus music) in which the ensemble of this "white" ballet showed qualities usually reserved for soloists, and Fedicheva put her beautifully disciplined body to the faultless execution of some intricate maneuvers as did her partner Sergei Vikulov; Irina Gensler danced Aisha in a "Gayane" sequence much below a similar stint by the Bolshoi personnel; Emma Menchenok, partnered by Vsevolod Ukhov, fluttered like all balletic birds in a rather commonplace treatment of Grieg's "Last Spring"; a quintet of young females performed a Moiseyevish character study of village gossips (titled by coincidence "The Gossips"); and Irina Kolpakova showed signs of star talent in a "Nutcracker" suite.

A gratifying exception to the prevailing subordination of personality to discipline was Sizova's performance of a classic *pas de deux* based by Petipa on music of Drigo, from a famous larger work called "The Corsair." Miss Sizova added to her beautifully flexible and unfailingly accurate fulfillment of the exacting technical demands of this composition a lilting lightness of body and a singularly outgoing personal appeal which made her something her colleagues were not—a participant as well as a performer. The audience was not remiss in recognizing the difference. S. Hurok's concern for the best possible effect extended to an orchestra of better than average quality, to which Jan Tomasov gave an accent of elegance with his skilful playing of the "Swan Lake" violin solos once interpreted by no less than Leopold Auer. Conductors Evgeni Dubovskoi and Vadim Kalentiev worked consistently toward refinement and precision.—IRVING KOLODIN.

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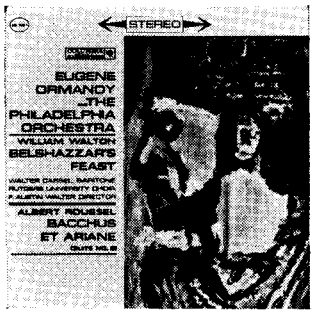

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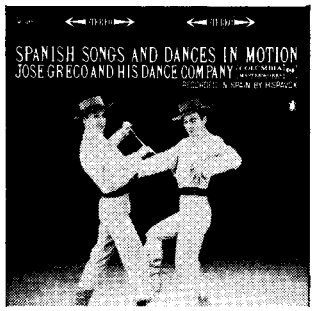

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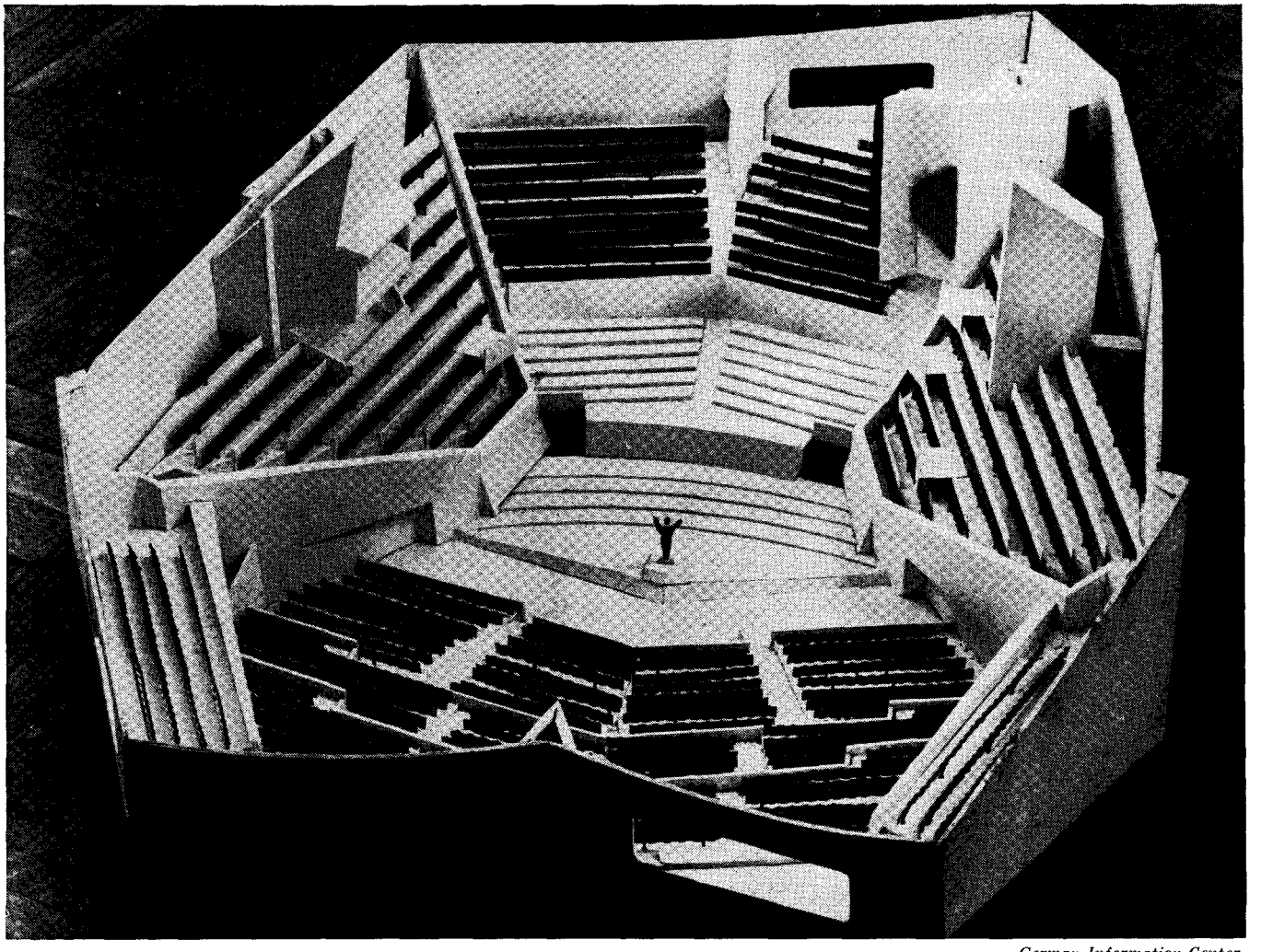

—*German Information Center.*

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Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic

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by H. C. Pendergast **37**

PURCELL, SCHUTZ, BACH
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By H. C. PENDERGAST

ON MARCH 3, 1955, in the improbable surroundings of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, the musicians of the Berlin Philharmonic made one of the most important decisions in the history of the orchestra: they elected as their permanent conductor Herbert von Karajan. Four months before their American tour had begun, the death of Wilhelm Furtwängler had seriously affected the orchestra's dream of regaining its pre-war eminence. Although his deafness after the war was so pronounced that he could no longer readily correct their mistakes, Furtwängler had given the members of the Berlin Philharmonic the courage to rebuild from the wartime loss of many of their colleagues, their concert hall, their musical library. His death was a personal deprivation to each musician in the orchestra who had played under him. The isolation of West Berlin and the perilous state of the orchestra itself created a difficult problem in finding another conductor. It was not a question of replacing Furtwängler (he could no more be "replaced" than Toscanini or Beecham) but of locating someone with stature who would be able to preserve the traditions of the orchestra.

Choosing Karajan was not pleasant for many of the players. The ruthlessness he had displayed in the postwar struggle with Furtwängler for musical power was well known to them. His aura of flashy glamour was repugnant to many of them. At the time he consented to replace Furtwängler on the American tour, Karajan held major musical posts in Salzburg, Vienna, Milan, and London. No one in the orchestra knew how much time he

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would give to the position in Berlin. Yet, as one player recently told me: "There was really nobody else to choose."

From his first concert with the Berlin Philharmonic in 1937, Karajan had impressed the orchestra with his natural musicianship. After the death of Furtwängler, he was undoubtedly the most prominent conductor in Europe. In electing him as their musical director for life, and as heir to the tradition created by von Bülow, Nikisch and Furtwängler, the musicians of the Berlin Philharmonic gambled that there was an inherent stability in Karajan that would eventually make him a part of this tradition. A few months after the Senate of Berlin had confirmed his appointment, Karajan issued a statement that did much to justify the confidence the orchestra had placed in him: "I feel myself bound to the Berlin Philharmonic for the rest of my life."

Karajan's first years with the orchestra, however, were uncomfortable. On the 1955-56 tours, some Americans were more impressed by the conductor than by the orchestra, which many found lacking in virtuosity. The personnel was unbalanced as an aftermath of the war, with many older players nearing pension age contrasted with many extremely young replacements for wartime casualties. It is probable that some of the musicians resented Karajan and were unconsciously unwilling to give their best. At any rate, the musicians were not completely responsive to him nor were they able to provide all the flexibility and brilliance he required.

In a few weeks, American audiences will be able to judge for themselves how much the Berlin Philharmonic has changed—when Karajan brings the orchestra to the United States for the third time. He will share the twenty-four-concert tour with Karl Böhm, but the new, integrated virtuosity of the ensemble is distinctly the product of Karajan's tenure as musical director. H. H. Stuckenschmidt, a critic whose familiarity with the musical life of Berlin dates back to the 1920s, recently summed up the general feeling in the city thus: "The rejuvenated Philharmonic players have reached an optimum of brilliance and discipline during their six years under Karajan." The usually nationalistic French have summed up a feeling general over the Continent: after a Beethoven concert in Paris last year, 93 per cent of the audience named the Berlin Philharmonic as the best orchestra of Europe. For me, however, the most effective acknowledgment of the orchestra's new status came from a retired musician who had played in the orchestra under both Nikisch and Furtwängler. After listening to him recall the Philharmonic's pre-war greatness and extoll the musicianship of such former members as Henry Holst, Szymon Goldberg, Gregor Piatigorsky, and Josef Schuster, I asked how well he thought the present orchestra compared to the one he had described. He paused a moment and then replied almost reluctantly: "There's very little difference."

ONE of the most important reasons for the remarkable improvement of the orchestra has been the addition of a number of highly gifted replacements. Since the American tour of 1955 there have been ten new first-desk men (the Berlin Philharmonic has two equal soloists at every position). All of them —but in particular the first concertmaster, Michel Schwalbé, the solo flute, Karl-Heinz Zöller, the solo oboe, Lothar Koch, and the solo clarinet, Karl Leister—are artists of the first rank. Their virtuosity and musicianship added to that of the older players—the solo horn, Martin Ziller, the solo bassoon, Oskar Rothensteiner, the solo trumpet, Horst Eichler—give the orchestra a first-desk strength superior to virtually all others in Europe. In addition, there have been seventeen other replacements since Karajan became musical director, mostly in the string section. When I mentioned my amazement that all of these young players could so quickly assimilate the spirit and tradition of the orchestra, the orchestra's new manager, Dr. Wolfgang Stresemann (son of the former Chancellor, who lived in New York during the war and post-war period), smiled and replied: "It's the same thing that happens when those rookies put on the uniform of the New York Yankees."

Karajan's thorough awareness that he and the Berlin Philharmonic are the most effective conductor-orchestra team in Europe today has been demonstrated by hectic activity with them after curtailed commitments in London and Salzburg. Last year, for example, in addition to the regular seventeen concerts in Berlin, there was a cycle of the Beethoven symphonies in Paris followed by a tour in West Germany, a concert together at the Salzburg Festival, and in the fall a tour of West Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. This year it was another cycle of the Beethoven symphonies in London followed by another tour of West Germany, appearances at the Turin, Strasburg, Edinburgh, and Lucerne festivals. And of course there will be the twelve concerts in the U. S. this fall.

There has been a corresponding increase in his recording activity with the orchestra. Because of an EMI contract which restricts the duplication of his Philharmonia repertoire on another label, Karajan has been severely handicapped in making records with the

(*Continued on page* 42)

ITINERARY
BERLIN PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA
Third American Tour

Friday, Oct. 27	8:30 P.M.	New York, N.Y.	Carnegie Hall
Saturday, Oct. 28	2:30 P.M.	Boston, Mass.	Symphony Hall
Sunday, Oct. 29	8:30 P.M	New York, N.Y.	Carnegie Hall (with Leontyne Price, soprano soloist)
Monday, Oct. 30	8:30 P.M.	Washington, D. C.	Constitution Hall
Tuesday, Oct. 31	8:30 P.M.	Columbus, O.	Veterans Memorial Auditorium
Wednesday, Nov. 1	8:30 P.M.	Cleveland, O.	Severance Hall
Friday, Nov. 3	8:30 P.M.	Ann Arbor, Mich.	Hill Auditorium
Saturday, Nov. 4	8 P.M. DST	Lafayette, Ind.	Elliott Hall of Music
Sunday, Nov. 5	3:30 P.M.	Chicago, Ill.	Orchestra Hall
Monday, Nov. 6	8 P.M. CDT	Bloomington, Ind.	Indiana University Auditorium
Tuesday, Nov. 7	8:30 P.M.	Fort Wayne, Ind.	Scottish Rite Cathedral
Wednesday, Nov. 8	8 P.M.	Oberlin, O.	Finney Chapel
Friday, Nov. 10	8:20 P.M.	Detroit, Mich.	Masonic Temple Auditorium
Saturday, Nov. 11	Not given	Grand Rapids, Mich.	Civic Auditorium
Sunday, Nov. 12	3:00 P.M.	East Lansing, Mich.	University Auditorium
Monday, Nov. 13	8:30 P.M.	Toronto, Ont., Canada	Massey Hall
Tuesday, Nov. 14	8:30 P.M.	Ottawa, Ont., Canada	Capitol Theatre
Wednesday, Nov. 15	8:30 P.M.	Burlington, Vt.	Memorial Auditorium
Friday, Nov. 17	Not given	Northampton, Mass.	J. M. Greene Hall
Saturday, Nov. 18	8:40 P.M.	Newark, N.J.	Mosque Theatre
Sunday, Nov. 19	3:00 P.M.	Washington, D. C.	Constitution Hall
Monday, Nov. 20	8:15 P.M.	Lewisburg, Pa.	Davis Gym
Tuesday, Nov. 21	8:30 P.M.	Baltimore, Md.	Lyric Theatre
Wednesday, Nov. 22	8:30 P.M.	New York, N.Y.	Carnegie Hall (with David Bar-Illan, piano soloist)

Concerts from October 27 to November 8 conducted by Herbert von Karajan; those from November 10 to November 22 conducted by Karl Böhm.

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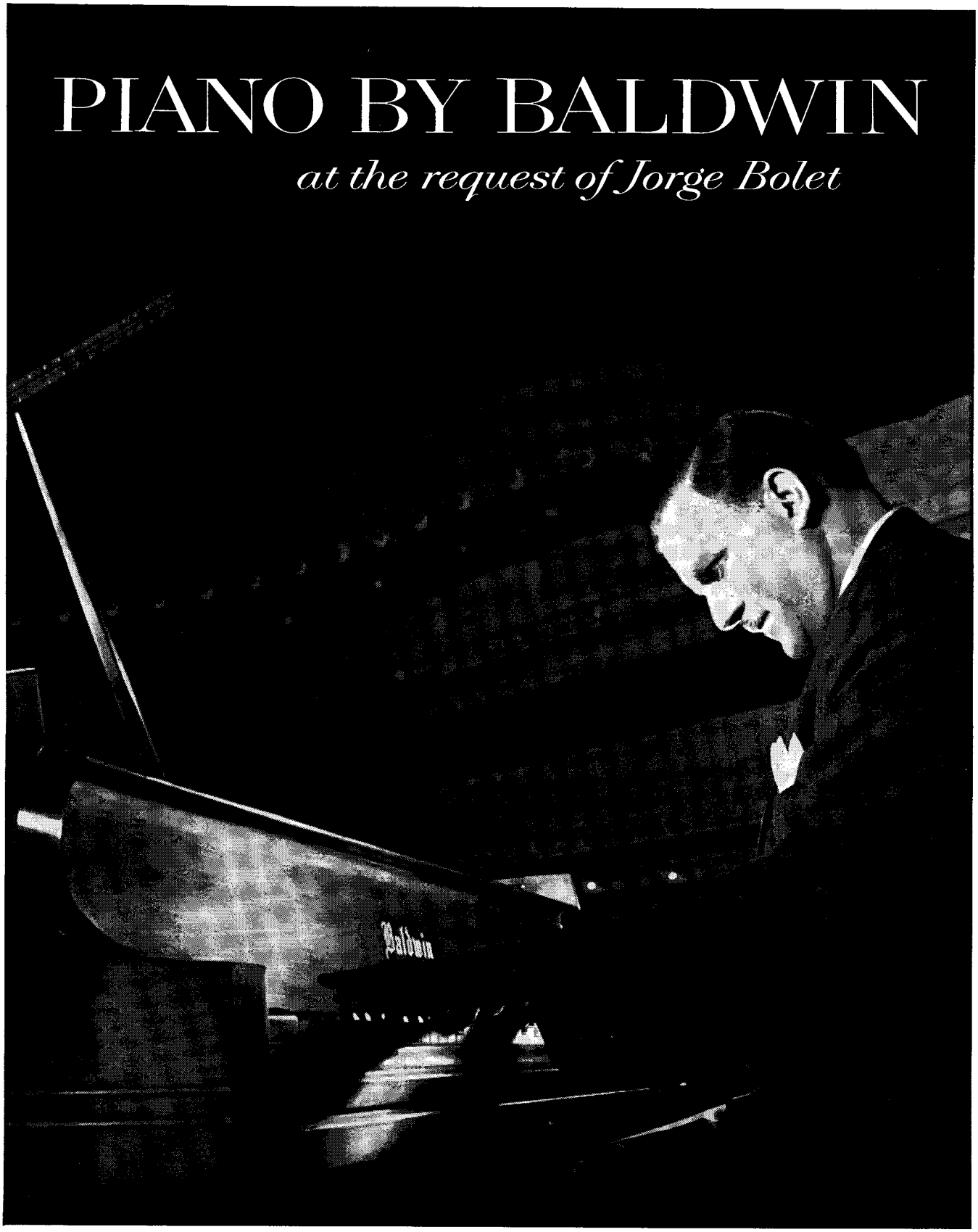
at the request of Jorge Bolet



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Continued from page 38

Berlin Philharmonic. Now that he is no longer an exclusive EMI recording artist, he has been able to record with the Berlin Philharmonic for other labels as well. His first releases for DGG feature superb performances of Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben," Brahms and Dvorak dances, and some works by Liszt. On Angel and DGG Karajan has now built up a sizable B.P. repertoire: the Brahms B flat Concerto with Richter-Haaser, the Bruckner 8th Symphony, the Schumann 4th Symphony, the Tchaikovsky 4th Symphony, Mozart's 29th Symphony, "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," "Three German Dances." Handel's "Water Music," Dvorak's "From the New World" Symphony, Smetana's "The Moldau," and the very first of all, Wagner excerpts.

Music lovers accustomed to the completely personalized instruments which Koussevitzky, Toscanini, and Beecham created in their orchestras may be surprised that no such close relationship forms the basis of Karajan's success with the Berlin Philharmonic. The orchestra has its own expressive character quite apart from that of the conductor. It was Furtwängler, of course, who integrated the character of the Berlin Philharmonic. The expanded spectrum of dynamics, the powerfully inflected brass chords sounding "like the harmonies of a great cathedral organ," the luminous sonority of the lower strings were expressions of his philosophy of interpretation for German music which were perpetuated among the players after his death. If Karajan has created an orchestra in his own image, it is the Philharmonia of London which he trained for Walter Legge. His vitality, senstivity, and refinement are reflected perfectly by this ensemble's crisp virtuosity. The ultra-smooth playing which Karajan characteristically produced with them sometimes made their recordings together sound exquisitely shallow.

Karajan's performances with the Berlin Philharmonic are something of a synthesis: the conductor controlling the moment-by-moment flow of sound with his keen intellect, his refined sensibilities, his knowledge of orchestral effect, and the orchestra adding to the interpretations another dimension—the Germanic expressiveness that is their collective character. It is instructive to compare Karajan's Philharmonia recording of Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony with the newer Berlin Philharmonic one. The English performance reflects a refined conception brilliantly executed. The Berlin Philharmonic plays what is essentially the same interpretation with equal brilliance and

(*Continued on page* 55)

Purcell, Schütz, Bach

By MICHAEL STEINBERG

ALL OF the music Henry Purcell wrote to go with John Dryden's and Sir Robert Howard's play "The Indian Queen" has been recorded by Music Guild (M-1, subscription price $4.12, regular price $5.50). The album itself and the annotations quite wrongly insist on calling the work an opera: rather, it is a series of songs, *scene*, and instrumental numbers to be inserted at various points in the play, and the music taken by itself has only a rather hazy sort of continuity. The composition dates to the last year of Purcell's terribly short life, and it is glorious. The song "I attempt from love's sickness to fly" is well known, but in addition there waits a series of wondrous surprises, among them the air "I come to sing great Zempoalla's story," "What flatt'ring noise is this?" with its hissing of envious and malevolent snakes, and the grand incantation, "Ye twice ten hundred deities."

The performance is attractive. Apart from a rather feeble counter-tenor, the solo singers are good. Anthony Bernard conducts the London Chamber Singers and Orchestra. I have heard Purcell done better, but not often, and the impression given here is one of grace, sparkle, majesty, and eloquence, each as required. The solo trumpeter and the harpsichordist, although left anonymous, are too good not to be mentioned here. The record is very highly recommended indeed.

Another Music Guild release (M-8, same prices as above) contains the "History of the Resurrection of Christ" by Heinrich Schütz (1585-1672). It is the first of Schütz's oratorios, composed in 1623, and written in a deliberately archaic style. To anyone who knows German, the music can give great pleasure with its acute and telling response to the text, but the succession of recitatives has only a limited musical interest of its own. There are moments, however, when respect gives way to thrilled exaltation—for example, in the last chorus, a setting of "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," into which the tenor soloist keeps thrusting the exclamation "Victoria!" until the whole chorus takes it up for the triumphant conclusion. The performance is by a group of soloists with an instrumental and choral ensemble from the Salzburg Mozarteum under Ernst Hinreiner, and it is only moderately persuasive.

A new record from Bach Guild (BG-610, $4.98; BGS-5036, $5.98) brings two Bach Cantatas hitherto unrecorded. Both are interesting, among other reasons, for the music they contain, which is familiar from other contexts. The opening chorus of Cantata 12, "Weinen, Klagen, Sorgen, Zagen," was later transposed down a half step to E minor, reorchestrated, reshaped in a few significant details, and so became a far greater piece, the Crucifixus in the B minor Mass. Cantata 29, "Wir danken dir, Gott," begins with some of the most exciting noise ever recorded, a Sinfonia for organ obbligato accompanied by an orchestra brilliant with trumpets and drums, all of which turns out to be Bach's adaptation of his E major solo violin Partita's first movement. I am afraid that as an arranger, Bach leaves Stokowski and the rest of them just nowhere! Both these altogether marvelous cantatas are essential for a representative Bach library, and more's the pity the performances are so undistinguished.

Mogens Wöldike conducts a Viennese orchestra and chorus with his usual lack of animation—what he does has been perfectly characterized by a friend as the "No, I will *not* phrase this" school of performance. Of the soloists, Walter Berry, bass, sings rather well, as does the admirable Hilde Rössl-Majdan, alto, except in her aria in No. 29, which clearly lies too low for her. Anton Dermota is sometimes hard-pressed by his assignment, which is admittedly one even a Pears or a Haefliger might find trying. The soprano, Netania Davrath, is amateurish. As always, Anton Heiller's organ playing is a distinguished feat (on those occasions when it can be heard). There is, by the way, an inexplicable cut of ten measures in the tenor aria of No. 29.

My periodic plea for more Josquin des Pres is partially answered by a recording of the Missa de Beata Virgine (Vox DL-600 or STDL-500600, $5.98). It is one of Josquin's very last masses and a supremely great one. The voices of the Dessoff Choirs are not all good and the group is a little large anyway, but even so the performance, conducted by the devoted Paul Boepple, is excellent.

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Music in Central America

San Jose, Costa Rica.

TOO MANY American travelers, the leap from Mexico to Panama (for a change of plane) and onward to Lima and Buenos Aires has become a fixed tradition. Unless one has business interests in Central America, the impulse to bypass this part of the world—badly served by old wives' tales of "banana republics," searing tropical heat, natives running wild with machetes—is strong. The pattern has been changing slowly in the case of Guatemala. That land, with its mountainous climate and volcanic lakes, has been quite widely discovered; but El Salvador and Costa Rica, two countries with charming landscapes (especially the latter) and daily temperatures much below those of New York in summer, have as yet failed to attract many tourists on their Latin-American rounds. Nicaragua, Honduras, and the adjoining enclave of Belize may deservedly remain unsung; but the three other republics are worthy of attention.

For this writer, the highly developed state of symphonic music in these communities came as a surprise, for little news of their cultural activities reaches us in the North. Guatemala City contains an admirable concert hall, lodged in the National Conservatory (the opera house, known as the Teatro Colón de Guatemala, crumbled to bits in an earthquake more than forty years ago), and an orchestra that compares favorably with those of the larger South American republics. Nationally supported, it is made up entirely of Guatemalan citizens (in contrast to similiar groups in Colombia and Peru, which draw to a certain extent upon the skills of imported musicians). Standards of performance are high, the list of guest conductors impressive. Unfortunately, the orchestra's present musical director, José Franco Gil—on loan from Madrid—seems to have difficulty in maintaining his grasp. This is owing partially to a limited musical experience, but also to the political aversion, encountered largely in Mexico and to a great extent in Guatemala, that hangs like a blade above representatives of Franco Spain. It is the orchestra, rather than the conductor, that rules in Guatemala. Several of the players, and notably the first oboe, are of international quality. The richness of this orchestra's library, the standards of performance still maintained, do credit to the founding fathers of about twenty years ago.

In addition to music, one finds a thriving intellectual life among the other arts in Guatemala. Painting, theatre, and literature occupy an important place. No such diversity may be encountered in the capital to the South, San Salvador, where—with the exception of the distinguished poet Hugo Lindo—few outstanding writers are to be met. There is no theatre to speak of, little painting, and only one composer working with contemporary technique: Sevillon, first violist and assistant conductor of the National Symphony (in Guatemala one finds Sarmientos, Ayestas and Castañeda). By way of compensation, there does exist a big orchestra (eighty-five players) of surprisingly good quality. The fact that this group remains almost totally unknown outside of El Salvador in no way diminishes its effectiveness. Starting out many years ago as a military band, it gradually built up a large string section and evolved into an organization known until not too long ago as the Orquestra del Ejercito (Orchestra of the Army). Now freed from military rule and supported directly by the Ministry of Education, this group has come into its own as the National Symphony of Salvador. Its permanent conductor, Alejandro Muñoz Ciudad Real, is a man of force and vision, an organizer who has accomplished the miracle in this part of the world of split-second timing at his rehearsals. It is said that the musicians are underpaid; there are rumblings of discontent among them; but no matter what the internal problems, this orchestra remains an impressive group.

THE home building of the Orquesta Sinfonica de Salvador has managed to preserve, on the outside, a turn-of-the-century grandeur. White, Gallic and expansive, facing one of the central squares of the city, the Teatro Nacional has an exterior not unlike that of the Monnaie in Brussels. Inside, it has fallen into decay, but the proscenium is noble, the sight lines good, the architectural scheme spacious, suggesting a fusion of Manhattan's ample New Amsterdam Theater with the comfortably constructed Brooklyn Academy of Music. More creative as a structure is the municipal theatre—now under full-scale repair—of Santa Ana, second city of El Salvador. This limestone opera house, with delicate, semi-circular internal design, is more in the sumptuous European tradition than its cousin in the capital city. Both theatres, until recently, have been run by the government as movie houses to bring in revenue on non-concert nights. Now Santa Ana has been taken off the circuit.

Paradoxically, the finest theatrical structure of Central America is located in a land which, at present, offers little organized musical activity. Costa Rica is the most pleasant country to be found between Mexico and Colombia. The rate of literacy (85 per cent of the total population) is highest in all of Latin America; there is complete political freedom; a cosmopolitan intellectual group exists in the capital, San José; the climate is ideal. Despite these favorable conditions, and the dominating presence of the local Teatro Nacional, which is to this city as the Staatsoper is to Vienna—a building with a force of personality almost human—one finds only a semiprofessional orchestra in Costa Rica whose members must work at other jobs in order to make their living (the Costa Rican government subsidizes soccer generously but music partially) and who, of necessity, often arrive late at rehearsals. The players, a talented and dedicated group, have accomplished good results under the direction of their permanent maestro, Hugo Mariani, but have still to overtake the standards now being reached in Guatemala and Salvador.

PERHAPS the best performance of all in San José is that of the opera house itself. Built with coffee money in the 1890s, it boasts a jewel-like auditorium complete with lavish chandelier, a grand foyer of breath-taking beauty, and a formal staircase of Carrara marble. Murals of excellent quality adorn the public rooms; and, in general, one has the impression of an Italian theatre in the intimate but luxurious style of the opera house at Parma. The place has become a national shrine and it is a moving experience to walk by at about five o'clock in the afternoon and see the doors wide open, the second-floor foyer brightly illuminated. On entering the house—drawn as if by a magnet—one finds all the lights in the auditorium at full strength. This is the Costa Rican monument, inviting the traveler, the passer-by, to come inside and admire it. Mercifully spared by the earthquakes that ravage this part of the world, it stands waiting for a professional orchestra that might do it justice. —Robert Lawrence.

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Recordings in Review

Firkusny and Morini—"something of durable value."

This Duo Will Do

FRANCK: *Sonata in A.* MOZART: *Sonata in E flat, K. 481. Erica Morini, violin, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano.* Decca DL 710038, $5.98.

Here is a happy happening on at least two counts: the first, of course, is that it brings together two equally capable and musically compatible performers, a circumstance of sufficient rarity in the world of recordings to merit cheers when it happens; the second, equally obvious, being that it ends the lengthy, more than strange, interlude during which Morini was under obligation to Westminster, with less than glowing results.

Clearly the two partners to this transaction have approached it not merely as a mingling of their individual talents but in the spirit of building something even more notable from it: namely, an ensemble and partnership. This implies a certain amount of rehearsal and work together; just how much the "certain amount" was in this case, I couldn't say, but it was enough to produce something of durable value.

The best result of such a pooling of resources is that neither Firkusny nor Morini appears to have preconceived or rigid ideas of how Franck or Mozart "should be played." Thus both interpretations have a sense of freshness widely at variance from the all too common kind of mechanized, predigested, and otherwise synthetic performances to which such sonatas are subject. The Franck, which begins introspectively and not with an overlay of sentimental syrup, builds to a compelling climax. The Mozart, one of his most sophisticated and carefully integrated duos as well as one of the final three for this combination of instruments, is pure joy from end to end, a shining sample of selfless community of effort. It stirs a hope, incidentally, that Firkusny may soon have an opportunity with the Mozart piano concerto literature, a sphere of activity for which his sure-handed, beautifully molded sound here proclaims him to be ideally suited.

Handel's "Fireworks" a la 1749

HANDEL: *Music for the Royal Fireworks;* WOODCOCK: *Concerto for Sopranino Recorder in C, Concerto for Oboe in E minor. The Telemann Society Orchestra and Band, Richard Schulze, conductor.* Vox DL 750, $5.98.

Whatever other opinion one may hold of this product, it certainly qualifies conductor Schulze for his varsity letter—which has to be A for Antiquarian. He has gone to what must have been endless trouble to recreate the kinds of instruments (valveless horns, valveless trumpets, cavalry serpent, old-style oboes and bassoons) used at the first performances in London; studied out the proper note values and ornaments (often left unwritten because the performers were versed in the tradition and didn't need to be reminded); and recruited players from up and down the East Coast (as far north as Toronto) to acquire a reasonably secure command of the odd-sounding winds.

But the quality of musical result is hardly compatible with the investment in time, trouble and good will on the part of Vox to reproduce it. By any standard, the blend of the ensemble is at variance with current notions of correct pitch: what R. D. Darrell, in his well-written notes, calls "rawly brilliant coloring" and I would describe as merely sour sounding. Beyond anything else, it leaves some doubt in my mind that all the clashes resulting from the scales of the valveless instruments are inherent in their design—the skills of the players may, understandably, be less than perfect. In any case, the listener who wishes to have himself transported back to London's Green Park for the night of April 27, 1749, when Handel's music was introduced as part of a celebration of the signing of the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, is at liberty to do so; and those who do not accept a rear march as a forward step can satisfy themselves with the modernized sound of the same music from such sources as Lehmann and the Berlin Philharmonic on Archive, Dorati and the London Symphony on Mercury, or Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra on Columbia.

Schulze—"A for Antiquarian."

Side 2, which offers a pair of works by Handel's contemporary Robert Woodcock, provides a less equivocal valuation of Schulze's talents, and they may be pronounced wholly valid. He knows style and feels tempo, and doesn't allow scholarship to take the place of animation. The presentation, which could hardly be bettered for thoroughness and candor, is also very well recorded.

"Emperor" or Crown Prince?

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto No. 5 in E flat. Van Cliburn, piano, and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra conducted by Fritz Reiner.* RCA Victor LM/LSC 2562, $4.98/5.98.

There is nothing in this recording to surprise anyone, save perhaps Beethoven, were he reincarnated and given the listening opportunity. For, as he has done in the past (with Vladimir Horowitz as his partner in a recording) Reiner defines the orchestral patterns of the score with model finesse, clarity and understanding; and, as he has not to my knowledge done in the past at all, Cliburn performs the piano part with infinite facility, youthful enthusiasm, and a decidedly superficial appreciation of the notes he plays.

As a virtuoso piece, the "Emperor" can be converted into a demonstration in finger facility and octave playing; but that is scarcely to see the work as Beethoven wrote it. Rather than striking fire with its imperious bass figures or exalting us with its treble trills, Cliburn merely strikes some heavy chords, turns some pretty phrases, and romps merrily on the surface of the meaning. Give him credit for every bit of pianistic flair he possesses—and I am the first to grant it is considerable—how

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does one *start* recording Beethoven concertos with the hardest one to play well? For this I have no answer.

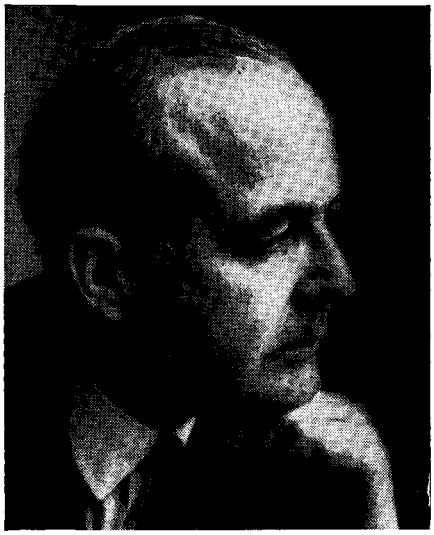
The panorama of sound is big and spread across the spaced speakers in the stereo with a breadth and boldness unfortunately not present in the solo performance.

Background on Barber

BARBER: *Serenade for String Orchestra, Opus 1; Second Essay for Orchestra, "Music for a scene from Shelley," "A Stopwatch and an Ordnance Map," and "A Hand of Bridge." Vladimir Golschmann conducting the Symphony of the Air, the Robert De Cormier Chorale, and Patricia Neway, soprano, Eunice Alberts, contralto, William Lewis, tenor, and Philip Maero, baritone.* Vanguard VSD 2083, $5.95.

The contents of this recording are not likely to win the composer a commission to write a work for next year's Donaueschingen Festival, but they could conceivably do something even more consequential: extend the range and influence of a creative artist whose work has followed no fashion but his own. Moreover, it is a body of work with solid roots, branches, a well-formed pattern of developments.

One might have suspected as much from recollection of Barber's output as it has accumulated, but the suspicion can be transformed into a certainty by consulting the Opus 1 "Serenade for Strings," here available for the first time. A product of 1929, when Barber was nineteen, it has overtones of writing for string ensemble from Dvorak and Grieg to Strauss, Sibelius and Elgar (not forgetting Hugo Wolf's "Italian Serenade"). But in addition to a strong, sure-handed technic it has a lyric flow and a harmonic integrity wholly characteristic of the composer to come.



—*G. Schirmer.*

Barber — "his work has followed no fashion but his own."

Fittingly, the disc includes not only this earliest work of Barber to be accorded a place in his catalogue, but also the latest (as of the time of recording, in spring 1960)—"A Hand of Bridge." This is a diverting kind of instant operetta, running in all to about nine minutes, with a text by Barber's housemate, Gian-Carlo Menotti. In it four participants in a hand of bridge disclose their subconscious thoughts—a desire for a hat with peacock feathers, apprehensions about an adulterous affair, boredom with boss and job, etc.—à la O'Neill's "Strange Interlude." As treated by Barber with cultivated tongue in witty cheek, it adds up to an entertaining study in styles from the jazzy piano figure with which it opens through Italian arioso to French *chanson*. Collectors of subconscious thoughts will find, in addition to those expressed by the characters, an exposition by Barber of the same ostinato that played a prominent part in his "Vanessa."

For the rest, there is a first recording of the "absorbing" Second Essay, a first time on LP for the expressive "A Stopwatch and an Ordnance Map," as well as a new tonal garb for the "Music for a Scene from Shelley" (previously limited to circulation on the American Recording Society's label). Golschmann's sympathy for Barber's idiom is evident throughout, and the performances are all of representative quality. This goes especially for "A Hand of Bridge," in which Miss Neway's expert English enunciation sets a high standard for her fellow "players." In the latter, incidentally, stereo techniques have been used with uncommon aptness.

The "Lost" Lipatti Mozart

MOZART: *Concerto No. 21 in C (K.467). Dinu Lipatti, piano, with the Lucerne Festival Orchestra conducted by Herbert von Karajan.* ENESCO: *Sonata No. 3 in D, Opus 24. Lipatti, piano.* Angel 35931, $4.98.

Nobody acquainted with the handful of treasures left by Dinu Lipatti before he succumbed to [illegible] December, 1950, at the age of thirty-three, needs to be persuaded of the sizable significance of this addition to them. I speak particularly of the Mozart concerto, a category of work in which he left no previous recording, though his A minor Sonata (K.310) was among the earliest things to attract attention to his superlative gifts.

Why has it taken so long for this performance, made in the last months of his life, to come to light, and is the reward for the wait in keeping with its duration? Walter Legge, recording director for EMI in England, provides the answer thus: "The concert [of August 23, 1950] was broadcast but owing to the rules of the Swiss Musicians Union, the tapes were destroyed three weeks after the transmission. For eight years, Madame Lipatti and I searched Europe in the hope of finding a recording taken from the air by an amateur. In 1959, two materialized in one week, both recorded by amateurs, one in Zürich and the other in Copenhagen. Angel's engineers in London worked for a year to produce from the better of these primitive originals the most acceptable sound."

By any standards, including Lipatti's own exalted ones, this is singular Mozart playing: labored to some extent in the faster movements, but almost heartbreakingly eloquent in the slow movement, one of the composer's greatest. This is, in the true tradition of Mozart's "operatic" slow movements, a *romanza* in which the piano rhapsodizes over a murmuring orchestral background. Some of the effect is in the daringly slow tempo taken by the young Karajan (would he do it as slow now?) but the dialogue conducted by Lipatti, now right hand, now left hand, is not only powerfully motivated, but completely disciplined. He also plays his own cadenza for the first movement, and it is thoroughly appropriate.

The Enesco, which dates to a broadcast of 1943, is even higher testimonial to Lipatti's pianistic taste and keyboard command, pre-dating as it does his fatal illness. It recalls the gloss and deftness of Lipatti's playing of other impressionists, for his mentor Enesco was here dealing in much the same idiom. Being the musician he was, however, Enesco inevitably added something of his own to the medium in which he worked. Certainly it is improbable that the work will soon be heard again on records, and Lipatti's softly intimate style of delivery leaves nothing to be desired.

So far as reproduction is concerned, neither side would win a prix du disque, grand or otherwise, but the quality, especially of the concerto, is better than might be expected of sources described by the exacting Legge as "primitive." —IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Albéniz: "Iberia" complete (orchestrated by Enrique Fernandez Arbós and Carlos Surinach). Ravel: "Rapsodie Espagnole." Jean Morel conducting the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 6094, $9.98.	The seven sections of Albéniz which were recently orchestrated by Surinach have less appeal than the five familiar ones arranged in the late '20s by Arbós. However this has less to do with the abilities of the arranger, rather more with the substance of the material itself. The pieces vary in basic interest, and Arbós understandably selected the best of them. Morel's performances have more enthusiasm than subtlety, and the recording tends to brilliance rather than warmth. The performance of Ravel is much in the same vein. In all, the Argenta performance of the five sections orchestrated by Arbós is more satisfying for me than either Martinon's "complete" or the earlier issue of the Arbós-Surinach sequence by Ormandy.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 6 in F, Opus 68. Wolfgang Sawallisch conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam. Epic BC 1134, $5.98.	A glowing "Pastoral" by Bruno Walter heads the list of fine versions already available, but this one, happily confirming earlier impressions of the gifted Sawallisch, is no less worthy. Tempi, sentiment, exemplary playing by the great orchestra (and sensible engineering) contribute to the gratifying results.
Bloch: "Schelomo." Leonard Rose, cello, with Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra; Schumann: Concerto in A minor, Opus 129. Rose with Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic. Columbia MS 6253, $5.98.	The high regard of fellow cellists for Rose is amply justified in this release, which indicates substantial growth since his earlier "Schelomo" with Mitropoulos a decade ago. In the Schumann with Bernstein, however, the intimacy appropriate to a work described in the anonymous notes as "augmented chamber music" is lacking, as is the elegance of the more satisfactorily balanced Fournier-Sargent and Starker-Giulini versions on Angel. Fine sound.
Brahms: Concerto No. 2 in B flat, Opus 83. Julius Katchen, piano, with Janos Ferencsik conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. London CS 6195, $5.98.	There is certainly nothing superficial about this performance, which may be a bit *too* thoughtful, lacking in impetus. Katchen also seems somewhat less assured here than in his recording of the Brahms D minor Concerto with Monteux, and Ferencsik, with opportunities for orchestral show such as encountered in few concerti, seems reluctant to assert himself. On the credit side, in addition to the exceptional London sound, is the real give-and-take between soloist and orchestra, with no artificial spot-lighting of the former.
Mozart: Concerti for Horn and Orchestra in D, K. 412, and E flat, K. 417, 447, and 495. Albert Linder, horn, with Hans Swarowsky conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Vanguard VSD 2092, $5.98.	Linder, a Dane now twenty-four (not to be confused with Alf Linder, the Swedish organist, now fifty-four), has yet to achieve the effortless grace of the late Dennis Brain, but he does have an impressive mastery of his difficult instrument, a firm tone, and unerring taste in phrasing and dynamics. The orchestra is delightfully in the picture here, and Swarowsky's contribution is no small attraction. Characteristically excellent Vanguard sound.
Mozart: Sinfonia Concertante in E flat, K. 364. Joseph Fuchs, violin, and Lillian Fuchs, viola, with Frederic Waldman conducting the Aeterna Chamber Orchestra. Decca DL 10037, $4.98.	Brother and Sister Fuchs, who may have played this work more frequently than any other duo (their earlier recording with the Zimbler Sinfonietta is still listed), are in complete agreement on its smallest details. Their unself-conscious playing lends the performance a convincing intimacy, and Waldman provides more than a mere accompaniment. The orchestra is just the right size, its horns able to make the most of their important parts. The rarely heard Adagio in E (K. 261) and Rondo in C (K. 373) for violin and orchestra make a handsome bonus. Crisp, clean sound to match the performances.
Ravel: Concerto in D for the Left Hand; Prokofiev: Concerto No. 3 in C, Opus 26. John Browning, piano, with Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Capitol SP 8545, $5.98.	From the evidence here, technical problems do not exist for Browning, who is thus able to devote himself to those of interpretation with astonishing success, his highly communicative Ravel not just a feat to be admired but a joy to be shared. The overside Prokofiev is, if possible, even more brilliant, its elements of irony and lyricism measured out with unfailing authority.
Schubert: Symphonies No. 4 in C minor and No. 8 in B minor. Lorin Maazel conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Deutsche Grammophon SLPM 138128, $6.98.	This latest example of Maazel's uncommon talent commands new respect for the music as well as the conductor in the case of the "Tragic," of which this dramatic, large-scale reading is the most compelling since the well-remembered Barbirolli of 78-rpm days. For all its intensity, it lacks nothing in warmth, his affectionate handling of the Trio of the Scherzo being but one notable example. The "Unfinished," too, is first-rate, though somewhat less personal than we have had from Walter, Schuricht, and Beecham. Appropriately full-bodied sound.
Sibelius: Symphony No. 5 in E flat, Opus 82; "Finlandia." Herbert von Karajan conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel S 35922, $5.98.	This remake of one of Karajan's earliest Angels presents his rather Brucknerian view of the Fifth in impressive stereo sound, and the Philharmonia's playing has the lustre of burnished gold. The superbly controlled introduction (taken very slowly by Karajan) and the real pianissimo strings in the finale are as thrilling as the majestic brass. "Finlandia" adds only to an unimaginative makeweight, and not a particularly stimulating one.
R. Strauss: "Ein Heldenleben," Opus 40. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia MS 6249, $5.98.	Their inevitable third "Heldenleben" (with Anshel Brusilow the third Philadelphia concertmaster to portray Frau Strauss) finds Ormandy and his men the winners and still champions. The mixture as before, finding few philosophic depths to probe, but overwhelming in its drive, virtuosity, and conviction—stunningly set off by the powerful recording.
Yardumian: Passacaglia, Recitative and Fugue for Piano and Orchestra; "Cantus Animae et Cordis"; Chorale-Prelude. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia MS 6229, $5.98.	These three well-wrought but hardly memorable works suggest such diverse influences as Hovhaness, Barber, and Honegger, but little of those men's originality. Since the forty-four-year-old Pennsylvanian acknowledges Ormandy's "guidance and encouragement" for almost two decades, the performances must be regarded as authoritative, if still unconvincing. John Pennink is the able soloist in the piano concerto, written for Firkusny. The sequence of the two pieces on side two ("Cantus" for strings, expanded from a quartet, the Chorale-Prelude commissioned by Edward Benjamin's "Restful Music Foundation") is the reverse of that indicated on both label and jacket. The sound is a shade below Columbia's current standard. —Richard Freed.

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THE OTHER SIDE

Future Portents, Present Pleasures

LONDON.

SO CLOSE had been the ties between the Royal Philharmonic and Sir Thomas Beecham, its founder and artistic director, that the orchestra might well have disintegrated following Sir Thomas's death last March. Happily, however, these fine players closed their ranks behind the conductor's widow (who had been the orchestra's secretary prior to her marriage) and, when last I spoke to some of them on the hallowed croquet lawn at Glyndebourne, they were plainly elated by the news that Rudolf Kempe had accepted the invitation to become their principal conductor—an appointment that promises well for the orchestra's future.

Among the most striking features of our orchestral scene these past few seasons is the way in which the London Symphony has shed its former aura of respectable mediocrity and acquired the reputation of a front-rank virtuoso ensemble. Thanks to a large influx of gifted and enthusiastic young players, it now bids fair to challenge the Philharmonia as Britain's top orchestra, and this success story was recently crowned by the announcement that Pierre Monteux had not only agreed to become its principal conductor but regarded the invitation from such an orchestra as a singular honor! As a result, this most youthful of octogenarians will be heard in London far more frequently than hitherto, and we can be sure that next year's Debussy centennial will be celebrated in fitting style.

Klemperer, too, will spend much of his time here during the coming season, as befits the Philharmonia Orchestra's principal conductor. Although he is scheduled to direct a Beethoven Festival in November (seven concerts featuring most of the symphonies and concertos, as well as the Missa Solemnis), I find some of his projected programs for 1962 far more interesting. These include Bach's St. Matthew Passion and Mass in B minor on the one hand, and on the other an evening of gay, mainly Viennese music—including one of his own compositions, entitled "Merry Waltz." The idea of Klemperer letting his hair down is nothing if not bizarre, but it is quite possible that he is tired of being regarded as an austere oracle and wants to prove himself as adept as the next man in dealing with life's simpler pleasures.

Whether he will succeed in this aim is, of course, open to conjecture; certainly his new recording of Schubert's great C major Symphony—just published by EMI—does not suggest a particularly Viennese approach. Yet it is a most impressive performance, full of unhurried grandeur, even if the Scherzo seems a trifle heavy-handed while the oboe solo at the beginning of the Andante is phrased in strangely mannered fashion. Undoubtedly, however, it is a reading fit to stand between the opposite poles of Furtwängler and Toscanini, and I only wish we had a Beecham version to put beside all three. Why Sir Thomas never recorded this work, which he regarded as the greatest of all symphonies, remains a mystery (for I heard him perform it magnificently in the concert hall), but the latest of his posthumous issues, alas, traverses familiar terrain.

ALSO on HMV this month we have a further installment in the Fischer-Dieskau saga: two discs of Goethe-Lieder by Hugo Wolf, performed with that familiar blend of poetic feeling and musical sensibility to wonderfully supple accompaniments by Gerald Moore; Fernando Germani plays four of Bach's most monumental organ works—Toccata and Fugue in D minor; Toccata, Adagio, and Fugue in C; Passacaglia and Fugue in C minor; Fantasia and Fugue in G minor—on the splendidly stereogenic Royal Festival Hall instrument; Menuhin, Cassadó and Kentner combine their considerable talents to fine effect in Ravel's A minor Trio and Mozart's K.542; Gioconda de Vito reappears on discs after a long interval, but her first stereo recording—coupling Bach's E minor Concerto with the G major of Mozart—proves disappointing, both in style and execution.

Columbia, in addition to Klemperer's Schubert, features the Matacic-directed La Scala recording of "I Pagliacci" already familiar in the United States, as well Karajan's glamorous and rather superficial readings of Sibelius No. 5 and "Finlandia." Annie Fischer's performance of Schubert's great Sonata in B flat does not show the Hungarian-born pianist at her best; the heart of this music consistently eludes her and she sounds far more at home in two of the Opus 142 Impromptus included on the same disc. Admirers of Gieseking who, for one reason or another, have not systematically collected his recordings may well feel grateful to Columbia for a new miscellany entitled "Gieseking Encores," which brings together extracts from his larger projects devoted to Mozart, Mendelssohn, Grieg, Debussy, and Ravel, plus some hitherto unpublished performances of pieces by Chopin, Schumann, and Scriabin.

EMI's September lists also include some welcome historical reissues, notably a collection of Lotte Lehmann's early electric Parlophone recordings (among them the incomparable "Freischütz" *scena* and her unique "Liebestod"—unique because she never sang Isolde on the stage). Caruso specialists will be glad to acquire a disc containing many of his earliest recordings—"The Young Caruso" (1902-04)—showing the great tenor at the outset of his international career (before the voice had assumed the heavier, almost baritonal timbre so familiar to us from his later recordings), although the scratchy sound is likely to deter all but hardened collectors. Recordings made at Melba's Covent Garden "farewell" in 1926 reappear on a seven-inch disc—they comprise excerpts from "Bohème" (including the hitherto unpublished Act III Quartet, in which John Brownlee can be heard as Marcello), and "Otello," plus the diva's spoken "goodbye" to her public—and we can marvel anew at a voice which, at the age of sixty-five, still retained much of its purity and freshness.

NEW Decca issues include Julius Katchen's performance of Beethoven's "Diabelli" Variations, remade for stereo, the Concertgebouw-Solti disc of Mahler's 4th Symphony (already released in the U.S.), a most welcome pair of Stravinsky performances—Symphony of Psalms and "Les Noces"—from Ansermet and the Suisse Romande with assorted soloists (including Cuénod and Rehfuss) and choirs drawn from Geneva and Lausanne, a fine account of Franck's Piano Quintet by Clifford Curzon and the Vienna Philharmonic Quartet, Violin Concertos by Tchaikovsky and Dvorak played by Ricci with Sargent and the London Symphony, and a sparkling disc of ballet music—"Gaité Parisienne" and the Walpurgisnacht from "Faust"—in which the Covent Garden Opera Orchestra is conducted by its new "boss," Georg Solti.

Lastly we come to DGG, whose September list is headed by the fine Amadeus three-disc set of Beethoven's "middle-period" Quartets—a characteristic and most welcome issue from a company which, unlike most of its present-day rivals, does not regard Kammermusik as a dirty word.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: MISCELLANEOUS LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Chaconne (arranged by Segovia); Castelnuovo-Tedesco: Sonata ("Homage to Boccherini"). Manuel Lopez Ramos, guitar. Boston B-216, $4.98.	Virtually every release on this quality-conscious label merits attention, and this one marks an auspicious debut for Lopez Ramos, a considerable stylist as well as a technician. However, Segovia still has the last word in subtlety and authority in his own recordings of both works. Also included are Tarrega's celebrated "Recuerdos de la Alhambra" and short pieces by Tansman, Ponce, and Alessandro Scarlatti. Close-up mono sound.
Bach: Sonatas for Clavier and Viola da Gamba in G, D, and G minor. Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord, and Bernard Greenhouse, cello. Decca DL 710036, $5.98.	Even Casals chose to play these sonatas as solos with piano *accompaniment,* but they are richer fare as works for two equal instruments, of which the keyboard, having literally twice as much to play as the cello, supplies the prime motivation. The always energizing Marlowe is ably partnered by Greenhouse.
Bach: Sonatas (7) for Flute and Continuo. Zoltan Jeney, flute, with Paul Angerer, harpsichord, and Johann Klika, cello. Vox VUX-2002 (two discs), $5.95.	Jeney's name is new and the bilingual notes offer no information on him or his associates, but he has the measure of these easy-to-take sonatas (only three of which utilize the cello in the continuo) and plays them in fine style. Monotony, which might reasonably be feared in four sides of flute music, is happily absent here, much of the impetus coming (as in the Marlowe disc above) from the harpsichord. Especially attractive at the price.
Beethoven: Sonatas in E flat, Opus 12, No. 3, in A minor, Opus 23, and A, Opus 30, No. 1. Carl Seemann, piano, and Wolfgang Schneiderhan, violin. Deutsche Grammophon SLPM-138122, $6.98.	As DGG honors the composer's wishes by listing the piano first, Seemann and Schneiderhan honor him more meaningfully with these surpassingly beautiful performances, even more handsomely recorded than the much-admired Haskil-Grumiaux versions on Epic. Schneiderhan, who shows he has wit and spirit as well as excellent pitch, has found his ideal collaborator in Seemann, a chamber musician of uncommon imagination and understanding.
Brahms: Quintet in B minor, Opus 115. Budapest String Quartet, with David Oppenheim, clarinet. Columbia MS 6226, $5.98.	A Budapest recording of this indispensable work has been long overdue, unaccountably absent from their thoroughgoing attention to most other matters of similar scope. Oppenheim makes an admirable fifth in this combination, integrating beautifully in an expectably eloquent statement. Leader Roisman's intonation shows the occasional lapses from accuracy noted in connection with other recent Budapest performances, but the blemishes are not sufficient to offset the understanding and authority evident throughout. For many, however, Kell and the Fine Arts Quartet will remain an unsurpassable combination.
Brahms: Trio in E Flat, Opus 40. Michael Tree, violin, Myron Bloom, horn, Rudolf Serkin, piano. Schubert: "Auf dem Strom," Opus 119. Benita Valente, soprano, with Bloom, horn, and Serkin, piano. Columbia MS 6243, $5.98.	Serkin, who participated in the Horn Trio (with Adolf Busch and Aubrey Brain) more than twenty-five years ago, gives a compelling performance with his youthful associates, playing with propulsive fervor. The unfamiliar "Auf dem Strom" is minor Schubert, possibly overlong, but a charming discovery nonetheless. Ideally balanced recording contributes to one of the most successful of several fine records from Marlboro, the only cavil being that the Valente-Wright-Serkin "Der Hirt auf dem Felsen," already released in a coupling with less distinguished material (*SR,* Aug. 26) was not also included here. Time would have allowed.
Françaix: Quintet for Winds; Taffanel: Quintet for Winds. New York Woodwind Quintet. Concert-Disc CS 222, $4.98.	This rare duplication in the far too small Françaix discography easily surpasses the older recording of the provocative Quintet. What appears to be the first Taffanel composition to be recorded is an agreeable piece whose finale might be termed a fantasia on themes by Mendelssohn (Françaix's finale seems to quote Ravel's setting of Moussorgsky's "Ballet of Unhatched Chicks").
Jannequin: "Chant des oiseaux," "La Guerre," etc. Bach Choral Society of Montreal, George Little, director. Vox STDL 500710, $5.98.	The exhilarating effect of the *eighteen* unaccompanied choral works on this disc comes as a surprise to those unprepared for such high spirits from the sixteenth century. The two items cited at left are both imitative pieces, the former a spring pastoral with bird songs, the latter an *a cappella* anticipation of Beethoven's "Battle Symphony," celebrating the Battle of Marignan (1515), with vocal sounds suggestive of fanfares, marching feet, horses' hooves, etc. Each of the remaining sixteen songs, all substantially shorter than these two, has its own charm, and the performances are very well recorded. Texts would have been helpful, but even without them the disc should arouse considerable enthusiasm.
Milán: Pavanes Nos. 5 & 6; Visée: Passacaille; Sanz: "Gallardas," "Espanoletta"; etc. Andrés Segovia, guitar. Decca DL 10039, $4.98.	The word to the wise is that "Maestro Segovia" (in this collection so titled) plays fourteen short pieces he apparently has not recorded before, among which Albéniz's "Zambra Granadina," an anonymous "Giga melancólica," a Scarlatti sonata, a minuet from a familiar Haydn quartet, and a Rondo by Sor are particularly ingratiating. Excellent monophonic sound.
Mozart: Sonata in C minor, K. 457; Ravel: "Le Tombeau de Couperin" (excerpts); Debussy: "Clair de lune." Emil Gilels, piano. Artia MK 1555, $5.98.	Gilels's well-planned Mozart and unusually relaxed Ravel have their attractions, but they are not equal to those of other versions in more reasonable (and economical) format. Adequate piano sound, but definitely no bargain at $5.98.
Poulenc: Sextet for Piano and Winds; Riegger: Concerto for Piano and Wind Quintet, Opus 53. Frank Glazer, piano, with the New York Woodwind Quintet. Concert-Disc CS 221, $4.98.	The Riegger, a serious work recalling the Janacek Concertino, makes a strong impression here, as does the Poulenc, but this version of the latter must yield to one on Columbia MS 6213, in which the pianist with the Philadelphia Woodwind Ensemble, one F. Poulenc, happens to be a remarkably persuasive interpreter.
Verdi: "Ritorna vincitor" ("Aida"), "Tacea la notte," "D'amor sull' ali rosee" ("Trovatore"), "Pace, pace" ("La Forza del Destino"), "Salce, salce," "Ave Maria" ("Otello"), etc. Eileen Farrell, soprano, with the Columbia Symphony Orchestra under Max Rudolf. Columbia MS-6254, $5.98.	The durable Farrell voice is not at its best here, marred by a quite uncharacteristic sense of strain, particularly in the upper register. The relatively unfamiliar "Ma dall' arido stelo" ("Un Ballo in Maschera") and "Come in quest' ora bruna" ("Simon Boccanegra") are most welcome, as they would be even in less accomplished presentations, but comparisons are inevitable in the better-known material, and it must be acknowledged that Leontyne Price, on RCA Victor LSC 2506, carries off the "Aida" and "Trovatore" arias with superior tone and greater conviction. The "Otello" numbers also show a tendency to overproduce. Superb accompaniment and reproduction, however. —RICHARD FREED.

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THE AMEN CORNER

Memorial to Fletcher

I FIRST learned the fire and beauty of jazz music, in the flesh rather than the phonograph, from Fletcher Henderson's band in 1927 and 1928, and it would be almost impossible for me to write about him with anything but the sound of dogma and personal devotion. There now appears a splendid "Thesaurus of Classic Jazz" devoted to records by Henderson (1898-1952). It is called, in modern cliché fashion, "The Fletcher Henderson Story," and contains four LPs including sixty-four tracks recorded between 1923 and 1938 (Columbia C4L 19). The accompanying literature includes fascinating personal comment by John Hammond, who meant a great deal to Henderson as later to Count Basie, and excellent program notes by Frank Driggs, who supplies a savory musical history of Henderson in the context of his times.

The album makes clear various points that have often been stressed about Henderson and his changing personnel. He was the first jazz leader to develop solid big-band procedures (listen to "Sugarfoot Stomp" of 1925), and he was surrounded with a shifting galaxy of sidemen outshining even those of Duke Ellington and Count Basie. In this album you can hear the tenor saxophonist Coleman Hawkins grow from moderate agility to genius over a decade (1923-33). You can hear other superb reed men: Buster Bailey, Chu Berry, Benny Carter, Ben Webster. But splendid as the Henderson reed sections could be, it was the brass that burned its way deepest in my memory. At various times the trumpets included Louis Armstrong, Red Allen, Roy Eldridge, Tommy Ladnier, Joe Smith, Bobby Stark, and Rex Stewart. And the years brought by far the most puissant collection of trombonists ever to sit under one leader's blazonry: Charlie ("Big") Green, Jimmy Harrison, J. C. Higginbotham, Claude Jones, Benny Morton, Dicky Wells, and Sandy Williams.

The album is rich with solos by all these men. On the other hand, it is often stated that the Henderson band was seldom adequately, let alone fittingly, recorded. Many who heard successive editions of the band know this to be true, and I, for one, would say that of the album's sixty-four tracks, perhaps no more than twenty give anything like the golden, seething spirit of a Fletcher Henderson occasion. I have no personal knowledge of the studio conditions, but it seems clear that when a sensitive recording chief was in charge (as with John Hammond in "New King Porter Stomp" and "Honeysuckle Rose") the veritable Henderson élan proved to be on tap. I will suggest that many of the early Don Redman arrangements (first twenty-five tracks) were rather fussy and fancy in themselves; that in the studio the band played them somewhat self-consciously and stiffly, whereas in the relaxation of the dance hall they came off with much more ease and swing, and therefore with much more encouragement to the soloists. This might also apply to sundry other arrangements in the album. Furthermore, with no time limit as in recording, Henderson could let his soloists stretch out for several choruses, building up to those fiery full-band improvisations which had an ecstatic freedom such as I have heard from no other jazz orchestra. In action before a dancing crowd (not to mention the cluster of standing addicts) Henderson offered not the elegance of Duke Ellington, not the incredible buoyancy of the early Basie, but a dionysiac heat compounded of three parts trumpet, two parts trombone —with that man Hawkins unlimbering the strongest saxophone in jazz history.

The new album, despite studio or other handicaps, contains many hints of this music. I would suggest a program starting with "Sugarfoot Stomp." Its wonderfully relaxed power presaged the best swing bands of a decade later (and Henderson, of course, became a master arranger for Benny Goodman), but they were usually taut and mechanized by comparison. Continue with "What-Cha-Call-'Em Blues," "Snag It," "Rocky Mountain Blues," "Hop Off," "D Natural Blues," "Easy Money," "Come On Baby," "New King Porter Stomp," and "Honeysuckle Rose." These will give an idea of Hendersoniana between 1924 and 1933. In the year 1936, in Chicago, I went direct from a session of Benny Goodman's orchestra, then at the height of its vigor, to the Grand Terrace, where we walked in on Fletcher Henderson playing "Christopher Columbus," with Roy Eldridge, trumpet, and Chu Berry, tenor saxophone. I do not know how better to express my reaction than to recall Ralph Waldo Emerson's remark to the effect that onion soup was not poetry, it was religion. "Christopher Columbus" is in the new album, as are "Stealin' Apples" and "Blue Lou" from the same period. They are among the more successful recordings, but again, they fall short of the Grand Terrace pulse and fervor.

I hope that Henderson's Brunswick and Decca discs, not here represented, will be anthologized in the near future. They include excellent performances by the 1927-28 combination of "Sensation," "Clarinet Marmalade," and "Stockholm Stomp". Finally, while the notes to "The Fletcher Henderson Story" seem to me admirable, I would question some of the solo attributions to Tommy Ladnier, trumpet. The first trumpet solo in "Rocky Mountain Blues," for example, seems to me almost certainly by Joe Smith. This may seem a trifling matter to anyone except a Henderson devotee, who will be apt to agree with me that Joe Smith was the most ethereally rhythmic trumpet of whom we have any record.

—WILDER HOBSON.

Henderson—"golden, seething spirit."

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The World of Fujiya

TEL AVIV.

FOR THOSE who like to take their world of listening pleasure with them when they travel, and also add to it the experiences provided by radio near and far, few more advantageous solutions than Fujiya's Model STRP -1046S ($129.50) have appeared in the American market. Just how long ago it appeared I cannot accurately say, but it was new to me when I acquired one in New York on the eve of leaving in late August for this fairly distant point.

Basically it combines the functions of a ten-transistor radio of the familiar Japanese type (standard broadcast band and short wave) with stereo record reproducer. Lest this seem like a massive package for lugging in and out of planes, it should be stipulated that both radio and phonograph are battery-operated. The combined unit, with its second speaker, is about the size of a large vanity case, and scales exactly ten pounds. For economical operation where power is available, a transformer for using house current is available ($14.50).

The clever design derives balance as well as convenience from the construction around the radio unit with its speaker at one end of the main unit (with which are combined the three-speed motor, turntable, and pickup arm with crystal flip-over cartridge for stereo/mono or 78-rpm reproduction). The second speaker makes up the detachable other end, with a sufficient length of cable to give stereo "separation" for reproduction of records. A balance control supplementary to the volume control permits the output of the two speakers to be matched.

Needless to say, the essential justification for such a unit as this is the efficiency of its radio tuner, and the Fujiya STRP-1046S measured up well to other short wave transistor units (Matsushita and MACO) discussed in the aftermath of other trips (*SR* Aug. 27, 1960, and *SR* July 25, 1959). In addition to the built-in ferrite bar antenna for use where signals are sufficiently strong, a telescopic whip antenna is provided. This did its signal-gathering function well, though the fixture in which it rests tended to get loose and make for unwanted noise.

As English is the common, if not the official, language of Israel it was a reasonable supposition that one could keep in touch with world news by using the medium wave band for some of its local programs. This proved to be a misconception. Aside from one news program early in the day (which seemed to be designed more for instruction in English than for comprehensive news coverage) all its transmissions were in Hebrew. By contrast, the bordering state of Jordan insinuated abundant programming in English into its always audible schedule, with a thoroughgoing news review each afternoon at 1:30 P.M. The excellence of the English enunciation inclined those versed in short wave reception to identify it first as a product of the USSR: in any case, it sustained the same level of intelligibility without inordinate propaganda bias to the UAR.

THE TIME pattern in Israel being what it is, Jordan's 1:30 P.M. broadcast hardly accounted for more than the previous day's happenings for those who consider Washington the news capital of the world. It was not until early evening that the events of the morning in the United States began to be heard. And it was not until midnight Israel time (6 P.M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time) that a broad-ranging review of the day's happenings could be heard from the Voice of America.

These came, so far as Fujiya in Tel Aviv was concerned, from three sources: a transmitter near Rhodes that could be heard in the early evening hours; another in Munich, which came and went according to atmospheric conditions; and a third from Tangiers that benefited from straight over-water access to Israel (via the Mediterranean) to be clear and strong on arrival at the point of reception throughout its broadcast schedule. It is, of course, one of our most powerful transmitters; but location and topography are also in its favor.

As has come to be customary for this overseas auditor, the programming of the Voice of America remains a mixture of pleasure and pain. Generally speaking, the collation of the news was reasonably objective, rendering the good with the bad in equal measure. The crash of a TWA plane outside of Chicago was reported as it happened, with all the unpleasant statistics. On the other hand, one had no idea that the Metropolitan Opera season was in jeopardy until the participation of Secretary of Labor Arthur J. Goldberg turned the situation around. Then there was a certain stress on the participation of Leontyne Price in the reinstated opening night, not without its appeal to the color-conscious population of the Mediterranean bowl. One news program in "special English" provided an effective avenue of approach to those whose understanding of our vernacular is no better, say, than my French: basic vocabulary eschewing polysyllables, delivered at a measured pace and with plenty of air space between words. More than a few of the news broadcasts were followed by a somewhat tired-sounding analysis from Raymond Swing, or by a more lively sampling of editorial opinion from American editorial comments, syndicated columnists, and radio authorities.

As regularly as one admired the thoroughness of the news transmission, one was repelled by the insistence on Willis Connover's jazz program as an inevitable "chaser." I yield to no one in my esteem for Duke Ellington's "Take the 'A' Train," which signs him on and off, but its automatic appearance as soon as the news was disposed of tended to give a somewhat frivolous, flippant turn to our profession of concern for the grave world affairs just reported. The popularity of our jazz is well known but, surely, now and then there must be something else that some part of this vast invisible public should hear, and would welcome.

IN addition to performing these basic chores with excellent discrimination, minimum drift, and a clarity of sound much enhanced by the second speaker (a special help when speech is subject to short-wave fading and distortion), Fujiya STRP-1046S responded impartially to the BBC's Middle East service, the clear-as-crystal financial reports from Swiss radio on the faring of the franc, the guilder, and the peso, and the jangled native music from Cairo, which sounded like the same record played over and over. In the latter circumstances, the affiliated record reproducer had a special appeal, especially if one had a sampling of selections at hand for diversion. My traveling complement included Angel's B flat Concerto of Brahms with Hans Richter-Haaser as piano soloist and Herbert von Karajan conducting, and, among others, an RCA Victor Lerner-Loewe "package" with Jan Peerce, Jane Powell, Robert Merrill, etc., under the direction of Johnny Green. Brahms sounded like Brahms, Loewe like Loewe on this versatile unit which answered a variety of questions in a clear, forthright voice. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Mozart and Strauss in Munich

MUNICH.

OPERATICALLY speaking, Munich is a sentimental city. Both press and public pride themselves on their memories, as well as on a sense of gratitude. Certain local performers and composers therefore continue to enjoy adulation even when they are far from their best. Munich's most celebrated musical sons, both native and adopted, seemingly can do no wrong. The 1961 festival opened with a tedious but patriotic double bill. It consisted of "Thamos, King of Egypt," a long-winded play with short-winded incidental music written by Mozart at the age of seventeen, plus "Friedenstag," a rather tired product of a seventy-four-year-old Richard Strauss.

"Thamos" has never been successful, nor, for that matter, has it been popular. Mozart himself realized that Tobias Philip von Gebler's play doomed his music to oblivion. In 1783, nine years after the premiere, he wrote to his father that the Vienna dilettante's love story about an Egyptian king and a temple virgin was an irrevocable failure. Mozart was right. Although the Munich authorities reduced the five acts of the original to two hours, they would have been better advised to cut all the pompous rhetoric and leave the twenty minutes of music for a concert presentation.

The score's four orchestral entr'actes and three choral episodes (there are no extended solos) are representative Mozart. The subject matter and style both look forward to "Zauberflöte," and the facile contrapuntal writing is highly expressive. But there simply isn't enough music to validate the accompanying dramatic postures. Munich's rather static production does not help matters either.

"Friedenstag" also suffers from an inferior book. Josef Gregor's libretto (revised anonymously by Stefan Zweig) is a paradox. Its political overtones, culminating in the glorification of peace, are so ambiguous that certain forces once cited the opera as proof of Strauss's Nazi sympathies. At the same time, others point to "Friedenstag" for conclusive evidence of the composer's liberalism.

The opera has musical problems too. It reveals Strauss in desperate need of new ideas. This writer does not adhere to the philosophy that Strauss said his all by the time he got to "Rosenkavalier." But the dominance of clichés and reminiscences over inspiration is undeniable here.

Unfortunately, however, Josef Metternich and Hildegard Hillebrecht could hardly equal the individuality and vocal strength that Hans Hotter and Viorica Ursuleac must have brought to the same parts at the 1938 Munich premiere. Metternich is undergoing a regrettable vocal crisis, and Hillebrecht, for all her good intentions, simply lacks the Lucia range and Isolde stamina required by her role. This left conductor Joseph Keilberth as the most powerful contributor to a not very powerful evening.

Another Straussian experiment that backfired was the casting of Lisa Della Casa as Salome. Those in charge evidently thought a near-perfect Arabella would make a good Salome. The ravishing Miss Della Casa looked appropriately childlike, but the strong visual impression was negated by her self-conscious histrionics. And despite a slightly reduced orchestra, the soprano had to strain her limited resources, yet was nevertheless overpowered most of the time. Similiarly, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's baritone proved too light for the heroism of Jochanaan.

The only new opera on the schedule was Hans Werner Henze's "Elegy for Young Lovers," the world premiere of which the Munich company gave in Schwetzingen last May. Henze's latest atonal score is a good deal more effective as theatre than was his "Prinz von Homburg." But the composer's emotions are still governed too much by his intellect, and his choice of libretto was unfortunate. The Auden-Kallmann story concerns an egocentric genius who uses the misfortunes of others as his poetic inspirations. It is too introspective to be operatic.

The composer doubled remarkably well as conductor and director; Helmut Juergens designed superbly atmospheric sets and costumes, and Fischer-Dieskau gave a marvelously thought-out study of the poet. In other words, Munich gave "The Elegy" all it could.

Mozart's "La Finta Giardiniera," written only two years after "Thamos," returned to the Cuvilliéstheater where it had its premiere 186 years ago. A starless cast performed it with more ensemble spirit than individual élan. Its potential stylishness was hampered, however, by a piano rather than a harpsichord for the recitative accompaniments, and by atrociously Germanized Italian diction. The less complex "Doktor und Apotheker" (1786) of Karl Ditters von Dittersdorf proved more effective. —MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

Lisa Della Casa as Salome—"strong visual impression."

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Handel Major, Handel Minor

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

AN EXCELLENTLY played and sung, expertly recorded version of one of Handel's lesser works and a misguided, less well performed version of one of his major masterpieces can add only to the length of the Handelian listings, not being equipped to reveal anything about the great London Saxon that we did not know earlier. I confess to a not very shamefaced partiality for the "Ode on Saint Cecilia's Day" while realizing that it is minor, less weighty than "Alexander's Feast," Handel's earlier setting of the first Dryden tribute to St. Cecilia and the art of music. On a Music Guild stereo record (S-2, $6.50), the "Ode" ("on St. Cecelia's Day" on the box, but correctly "on St. Cecilia's" on the record label) is expertly and idiomatically conducted by Anthony Bernard, with the London Chamber Singers and the London Chamber Orchestra. Alexander Young sings the tenor recitatives and airs subtly and as expressively as his unsensuous voice allows. The chief attraction of the performance is the extraordinary singing of the soprano part by Teresa Stich-Randall. Dryden's exceedingly attractive lines and Handel's programmatic music take on in her throat an impressive non-humanness. I am not always enchanted by Miss Stich-Randall's almost marionette-like precision and abstraction, but here she seems to me to approach interpretive greatness. The result is, I think, superior in every detail to the Columbia recording with Leonard Bernstein, Adele Addison, and John McCollum.

Would that some portion of the same apposite excellence had been brought to a recording of "L'Allegro, Il Penseroso ed Il Moderato," that setting of rearranged lines from Milton. This is a much more compelling and sumptuous example of Handel's art. But the London-L'Oiseau-Lyre stereo recording (SOL-60025/6, $11.98) is no more faithful to the score than the Decca-Musica Aeterna presentation that I reviewed in these pages on November 12, 1960. Nor is it nearly so well performed. The new recording altogether omits "Il Moderato," thus again depriving us of such beauties as "Each action will deserve new grace" and—more damagingly—"As steals the morn." It also omits "But O, sad virgin," shortens "Sweet bird," the most famous single number in the score, assigns the unpublished but authentic carillon part for "Or let the merry bells" to a celesta (wildly anachronistic and damagingly inappropriate in Handel), and divides (as Winton Dean's scrupulous album notes make clear) Penseroso's airs "between two sopranos, *though not quite in the proportions* chosen by Handel" (why not? one wonders). All this perhaps well-meant, but nonetheless maiming editorial interference between Handel and us has left only a remodeled torso of the work as Handel originally conceived it and then corrected it and added to it. The remnants are conducted by David Willocks, with the St. Anthony Singers and the Philomusica of London, and variable soloists: Elisabeth Hardwood, Elsie Morison, and Jacqueline Delman (sopranos), Helen Watts (contralto), Peter Pears (tenor), and Hervey Alan (bass). Unhappily, we still are left with no recording of "L'Allegro, Il Penseroso ed Il Moderato" that conveys Handel's score with dutiful enthusiasm and vivifies its marvels intact.

Coming October 14

Fall Travel Issue

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

HOW MUCH FOR NO OPERA?

I HAVE RARELY read anything so brilliantly done, so well reasoned, or so beautifully outspoken as Irving Kolodin's article "Bing Fires the Public" [*SR*, Sept. 2]. Not a single writer on the entire Met dispute had thought to analyze the costs of keeping the Met closed—not, that is, until Mr. Kolodin came along.

And, for putting his finger on the arrogance of the Met's stand, and emphasizing the implications to the public, Mr. Kolodin deserves some sort of award. I wish I could think of something sufficiently imposing to suggest. At the moment all I can offer is my heartfelt thanks.

ENES COOK.

New York, N. Y.

THE LONG-RANGE VIEW

I READ WITH great interest Mr. Kolodin's article on the state of affairs at the Metropolitan Opera, and this is just to congratulate him on his forthright statements regarding the most inept way in which this situation has been handled.

Obviously, I completely agree with him. It seems to me that the settlement which has been reached does not by any means lessen the problem he outlined. Certainly, before the Opera makes its move to Lincoln Center every possible effort should be made to straighten things out on a long-range basis.

JEROME FENIGER.

New York, N. Y.

MET CRISIS

IT JUST CAME OVER the radio that the Met will have its 1961-62 season, just as Mr. Kolodin predicted!

To be prepared for such contingencies and/or "hoaxes," I think it would be in order to have a group organized to meet such emergency as a "task force" to put pressure upon the "powers that be" by individual letters and/or group action so that the Met performances can continue unabated.

SYLVIA B. DAVIDSON.

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

BENEFITS FOR MUSICIANS

MR. KOLODIN'S recent article "The Met, the Unions, and Lincoln Center" [*SR*, Aug. 26] was most interesting. As everyone knows, Mr. Kolodin is a music critic of long standing. One hopes that this was not dashed off in an idle moment.

Mr. Kolodin has every right to express his views but one can wish he were more accurate in his statement of facts. For one, I was delighted to read that the Opera Association has been paying Blue Cross and Blue Shield for members of the Met orchestra. This will come as a bit of a surprise to them, as each year payments to Blue Cross and Blue Shield are deducted from their salaries. The "severance pay" mentioned was in effect long before anyone had heard of the present manager, Rudolf Bing.

Apparently Mr. Kolodin did not take time to be factual.

RUTH LEAVITT.

Paramus, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The statement referred to the proposed contract covering future Blue Cross and Blue Shield.*

WHERE WAS BING?

I AM CONFIDENT that the excellent article in the August 26 issue of *SR* helped to arouse public sentiment against closing the Met during the coming season. It seems to this writer that Rudolf Bing should not have been vacationing in the Dolomite mountains during such a critical period.

R. E. HELLMER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

END OF AN ERA?

MR. KOLODIN CAN WRITE when he's mad! Now the question is: Will he keep it up so that we can have a great opera company for Lincoln Center or will he become mollified and complacent now that the season is on?

August 1961 was a dramatic month for New York music. An era came crashing to an end. An opera house can no longer be run by temper and whim and incompetent "assistants."

ROBERT SEALY.

New York, N.Y.

$170 A WEEK IS ENOUGH

WHAT IS THIS nonsense that "nobody can say that $170 a week for a thirty-two week season . . . is adequate base pay for a musician . . ."?

Over $6,000 for eight months' work is not bad at all. I work a forty-week "season" as a teacher and make $6,300, and I consider myself relatively well paid as the profession goes.

Otherwise, your article was excellent.

VICTOR VECSEY.

Stockton, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Life in New York is higher on the cost-of-living scale than California.*

FAIR REVIEW

GOOD FOR YOU—"The Met, the Unions, and Lincoln Center." It was a fair review of the entire great-music situation in our country.

LUCILLE B. JULIANI.

Oceanside, Calif.

PRO ORCHESTRA

I AM TRULY surprised at "The Met, the Unions, and Lincoln Center." If the case for each side is about equal, why did Mr. Kolodin write such a biased article?

There is no reason for "prohibitive prices for rehearsals." The musicians should be paid for as long or short a time as they rehearse. Judging from previous experience, Mr. Bing can estimate how

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long a Mascagni or Wagner opera takes to rehearse and plan his budget.

"Are these men willing as well as able?" Now really. The Met orchestra is largely composed of very able musicians who are also proud of their positions and are as reasonably ethical as, say, a music critic. They are not half-heartedly playing and furtively looking about for a new position.

Those enormous fringe benefits showered on those employees dependent upon the opera from year to year are minimal in most any other organization in the country.

What we need now is a fair reply from Mr. Manuti and/or an average Met musician to balance this unfair, one-sided report.

JUDITH KLINK.

Hillside, N.J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our pages are open to either or both.*

STRAVINSKY AND CONFIRMATION

IF YOU LEAVE the August 26, 1961, letter of Edward Arees as the last word as to whether the Rite of Confirmation exists in the Eastern Orthodox Church, you will be doing a disservice not only to Mr. Stravinsky (who wrote on July 29, 1961, that it did not exist) but to your readers.

There is no Rite of Confirmation as such in the Orthodox Church; there is, however, a Rite supporting the gift of Illumination, etc., which comes from Baptism in the Orthodox Church, but it is called the Sacrament of Chrismation.

As you might expect from the divergence of opinions, the Rite has much of what seems to be the same in the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches, but even more of what is different. The Sacrament is just about as old as the Church itself, and since the Eastern Orthodox Church has found it good to keep intact "the faith once delivered unto the Saints," as experienced with us the office reflects the most ancient of traditions.

There is no laying on of hands, and Episcopal rank is not needed to administer the Rite, but the Priest himself proceeds with it immediately after the Baptism; by annointing with special aromatic oils (Chrism) the endowments to the newly baptized are sealed to him. The child (or as was more customary in olden days, the adult) may immediately thereafter receive Communion; the child without Confession until the age of seven, whereas Roman Catholic Confirmation takes place only *after* a First Communion at that age or older. Hapgood's translation into English of the *offices of the Russian Orthodox Church* (approved by Archbishop Tikhon, who was the Primate of all Eastern Orthodox Churches in America, 1899–1907) gives the entire Baptism and Chrismation offices, as well as their symbolism in an appendix.

IVAN MICHAELSON CZAP,
Member, Metropolitan Council,
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Philadelphia, Pa.

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The Berlin Philharmonic

Continued from page 42

with an added intensity and darkly colored expressiveness that illuminate much more of the music. It is easy to perceive in comparing these two recordings the potency of Karajan and the orchestra: he cannot conduct such effective performances of much of his repertoire with any other orchestra; in turn, the Berlin Philharmonic plays for no other conductor with such finished virtuosity.

Critics may continue to complain that Karajan refines some of the intensity out of the German romantic composers, but European audiences who have been privileged to hear a number of his concerts with the Berlin Philharmonic have heard some of the greatest music-making to be heard anywhere—e.g., Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde," Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben" and "Metamorphosen," Webern's "Five Movements for Strings," Stravinsky's "Symphony in C." In these performances the virtuosity of the conductor was matched by that of the orchestra, his intensity not only reflected but sometimes magnified. He has also brought to the orchestra a repertoire far more varied and interesting than Furtwängler's, featuring in the past few seasons new works by Stravinsky, Martin, Fortner, Messiaen, Blacher, Liebermann, Henze, Milhaud, and Shostakovich.

Although Karajan has done a great deal to restore the prestige of the orchestra, many problems remain. Seated in his office in a tree-shaded house in Berlin-Dahlem, Dr. Stresemann told me about some of them last February. At present the Berlin concerts must be given in the acoustically imperfect and esthetically ugly Hochschule für Musik. Last winter work was finally begun on the construction of the "Neue Philharmonie" near the Tiergarten. The hall will be fairly revolutionary in design, arranging over 2,000 seats in circular fashion around the orchestra. When it will be completed is anyone's guess. The isolation of West Berlin and the uncertainty about its fate create difficulties in finding suitable replacements for the musicians who have reached pension age. Some of these replacements, for example, escaped from East Germany when the controls were less strict than they have been during the last few weeks. Many fine young players in West Germany are unwilling to risk moving to West Berlin.

Stresemann mentioned briefly Karajan's plans with the orchestra for 1962. There will be appearances at the Vienna and Salzburg festivals and perhaps a visit to Greece. The most cherished event, however, will be two concerts for the dedication of the new cathedral at Coventry, England. By these concerts Karajan and the orchestra hope to establish a spiritual bond between two cities that were horribly defaced by the last war.

The Berlin Philharmonic is a democracy. Its musicians elect their own conductor and also select at auditions their own members. When the orchestra comes to the U.S. this fall, Americans will hear tangible evidence of a recovery remarkable in the history of the symphony orchestra—the recovery of free men living in a free environment.

At his first rehearsal with the Berlin Philharmonic after the death of Furtwängler, Karajan looked at the anxiety and despair on the faces of the players and said: "We will make music as you have always made music."

He has kept his word.

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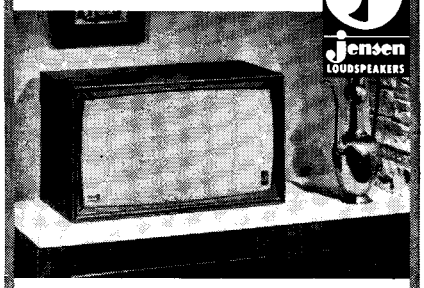

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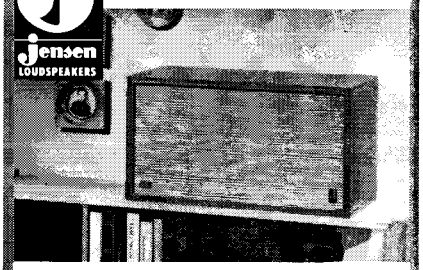

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Editorial

Continued from page 26

cle for coping with the bulky problems involved in keeping the peace. Attention is called to renewed efforts to "get the U.N. out of the U.S. and the U.S. out of the U.N."

If this is in fact the dominant view of the American people about the U.N., then there is indeed little hope that the United States will either propose or strongly support moves that seek to bolster the U.N. and give it the requisite authority of world law. But there are important indications that this is *not* the dominant view. In fact, evidence is beginning to accumulate that a large number of Americans are prepared to think in big terms about the general question of world organization. In this connection, a most important poll has just been taken by Congressman William B. Widnall of New Jersey. In a letter sent to 60,000 constituents, Congressman Widnall asked six key questions and received the answers that appear in the chart on page 26.

A single poll in a single Congressional district is hardly enough to serve as the basis for major official foreign policy decisions. But some fifteen other Representatives and Senators who have been profoundly impressed by the Widnall poll are undertaking similar polls of their own. If their results come anywhere close to approximating the New Jersey tally, the way may be cleared for a series of historic moves in the long overdue direction of a structured peace. —N.C.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Popular and able contemporary European mayor (2 wds.).	16 173 55 31 25 116 46 158 155 166 109
B. Followed by Word C, to the smallest degree (2 wds.).	30 124 152 73 115
C. See Word B.	157 106 188 102 118
D. Swiss commune on N shore of Lake Geneva, scene of several modern treaties and pacts.	71 37 91 108 41 175 34 150
E. Soaked with perspiration (3 wds.).	167 139 56 86 179 184 33 66
F. Specialist in administering anything that produces dullness or loss of consciousness.	161 94 146 19 89 13 61 52 186 171 2
G. Surname of Dickens's heroine, "Tale of Two Cities".	183 107 168 32 96 8 136
H. Reveals (2 wds.).	110 60 10 97 176 198 133
I. Basic assumptions.	137 18 112 79 14 98 147 119 151 169
J. Followed by Word M, the "Faultless Painter" glorified by Browning (2 wds.).	164 143 185 105 4 101 35 170 38
K. Dean of Columbia Law School who served as warden of Sing Sing prison, 1915-6.	145 141 62 125 44 196 40 7
L. Overflowing, without restraint.	45 36 68 11 78 127
M. See Word J.	77 103 135 82 69

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. American conference of pre-Colonial times.	148 99 43 159 111 59
O. Chief figure in recent trial of an accused war criminal.	28 64 57 23 121 128 165 75
P. Specifying the trait for which, Brutus asserted, he killed Caesar (Shakespeare).	154 6 104 83 189 87 95 70 48
Q. Son of Zeus and Europa, made a judge of souls, because of his exemplary justice in life.	5 100 195 160 20 84 26 129 49 9 117 42
R. Person of keen and ardent interests.	85 65 187 50 1 144 74 54 39 178
S. Amer. landscape architect, first superintendent of laying out Central Park, N.Y. (1791-1859).	174 199 80 15 72 63 92
T. Despotic, as applied to things rather than persons.	22 21 27 51 88 192 67 123 153
U. Nymphs of ancient mythology who were also called Atlantides.	17 58 172 134 122 90 190 156 24 163
V. Science and study of certain north African antiquities.	138 76 131 53 3 191 149 120 12 162
W. In sporting, a brace and a half; a tierce; more usually, a controlling cord.	194 81 132 193 182
X. What Browning accusingly said the Lost Leader did "Just for a handful of silver—Just for a rib- and to stick in his coat" (2 wds.).	130 93 197 181 113 140
Y. Knighted English actor, born 1907.	142 126 177 29 180 47 114

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

							1 R	2 F	3 V	4 J	5 Q		6 P	7 K		8 G	9 Q	10 H
11 L	12 V	13 F	14 I	15 S		16 A	17 U	18 I		19 F	20 Q	21 T		22 T	23 O	24 U	25 A	
	26 Q	27 T	28 O		29 Y	30 B	31 A	32 G		33 E	34 D	35 J		36 L	37 D	38 J	39 R	
40 K		41 D	42 Q		43 N	44 K	45 L	46 A	47 Y	48 P		49 Q	50 R	51 T	52 F		53 V	
54 R	55 A	56 E	57 O	58 U		59 N	60 H	61 F	62 K	63 S	64 O	65 R	66 E	67 T		68 L	69 M	
70 P	71 D		72 S	73 B	74 R	75 O	76 V	77 M		78 L	79 I	80 S	81 W	82 M	83 P	84 Q	85 R	
86 E		87 P	88 T	89 F	90 U	91 D	92 S	93 X		94 F	95 P	96 G		97 H	98 I	99 N		
100 Q	101 J	102 C		103 M		104 P	105 J	106 C	107 G	108 D	109 A		110 H	111 N		112 I	113 X	
114 Y	115 B		116 A	117 Q	118 C		119 I	120 V	121 O	122 U		123 T	124 B	125 K	126 Y	127 L	128 O	
129 Q	130 X	131 V		132 W	133 H	134 U	135 M	136 G	137 I	138 V	139 E	140 X	141 K	142 Y	143 J	144 R		
145 K	146 F	147 I	148 N		149 V	150 D	151 I	152 B	153 T		154 P	155 A	156 U		157 C	158 A	159 N	
—	160 Q	161 F	162 V	163 U		164 J	165 O	166 A		167 E	168 G		169 I	170 J	171 F	172 U	173 A	
174 S	175 D		176 H	177 Y	178 R		179 E	180 Y	181 X	182 W		183 G	184 E	185 J	186 F	187 R	188 C	
189 P	190 U	191 V	192 T	193 W		194 W	195 Q	196 K	197 X	198 H	199 S							

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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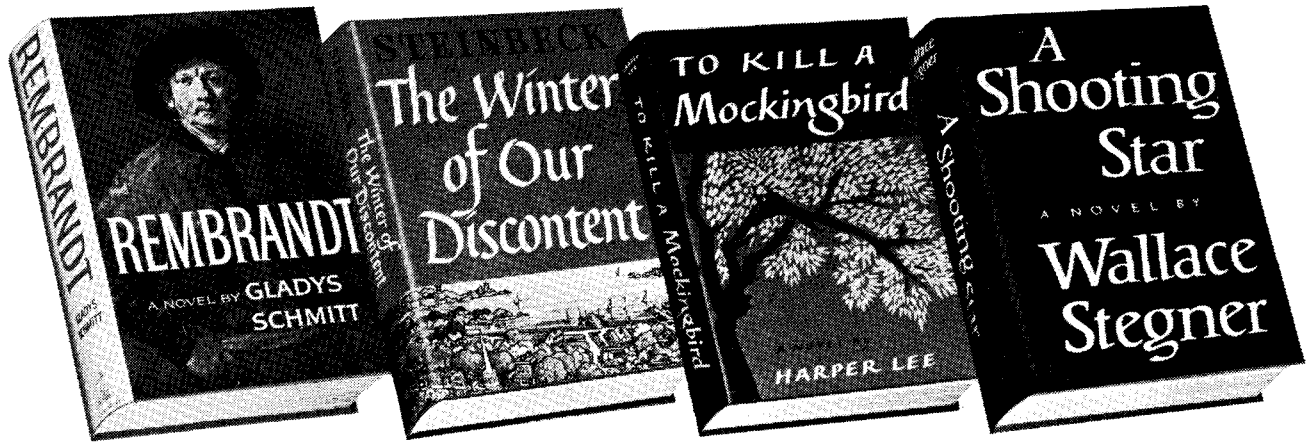

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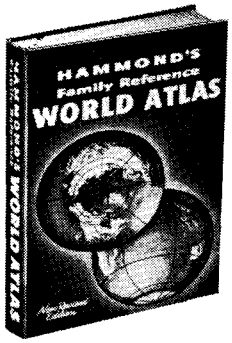

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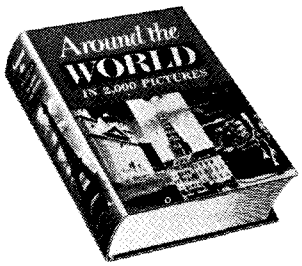

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